

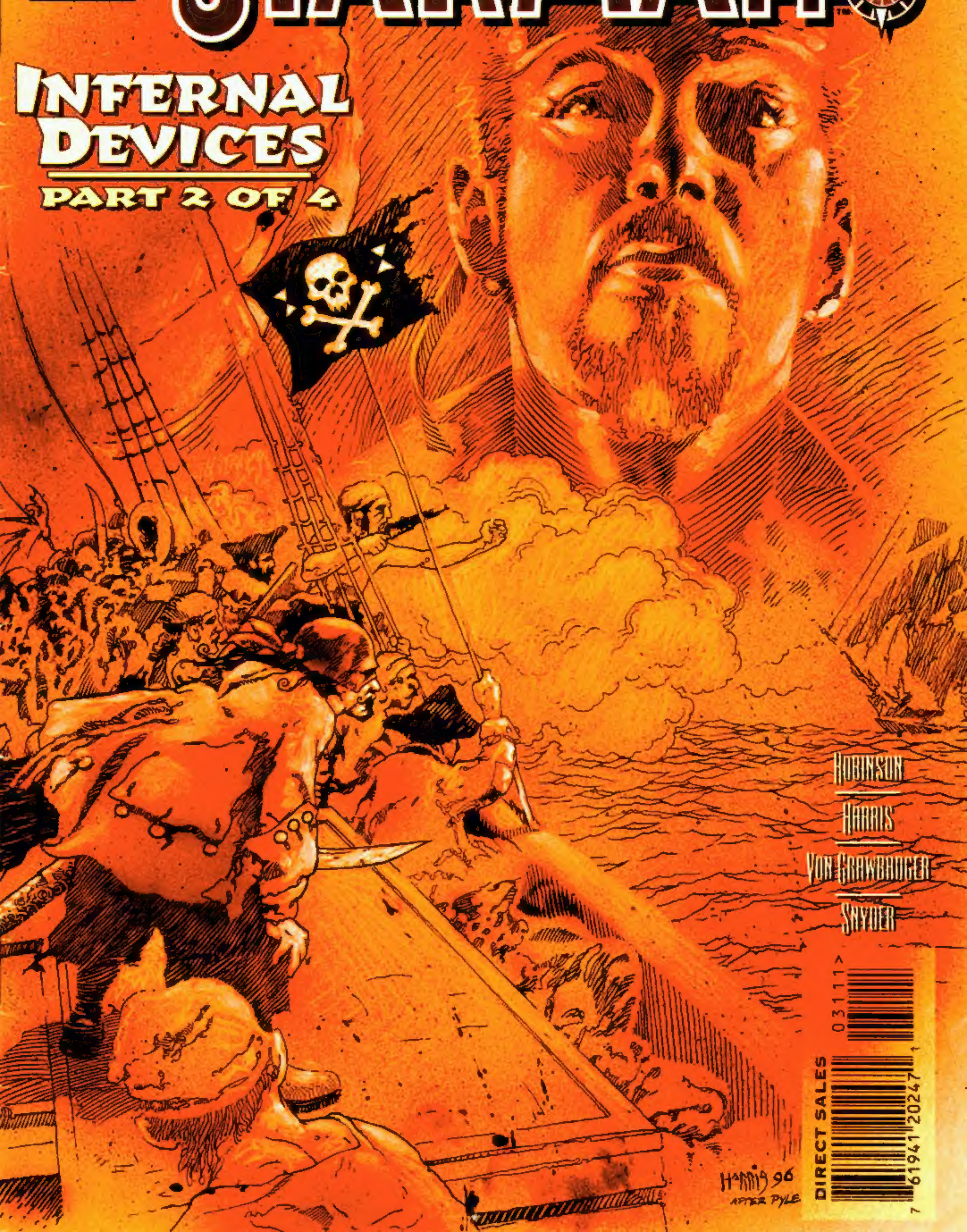


31 \$2.25 US
\$3.25 CAN
JUN 97

STARMAN



**INTERNAL
DEVICES**
PART 2 OF 4



ROBINSON

HARRIS

VON BROWDER

SNYDER

03111



DIRECT SALES



Harris 96
AFTER PYLE

7 61941 20247

Infernal Devices Part 2

James Robinson
writer

Tony Harris
pencils

Wade Von Grawbadger
inker, pgs 1-11, 15, 19-22

Ray Snyder
inker, pgs 12, 13, 16-18

Greg Wright
colorist

Oakley / N.J.Q.
letterers

Chuck Kim
assistant editor

Archie Goodwin
editor

JACK KNIGHT created by JAMES ROBINSON & TONY HARRIS

HANGING
IS A **SORRY**
FATE.

THE PIRATE'S
GHOST SAYS
THIS, AND JACK
KNIGHT SHIVERS.

HE HOPES IT'S MERELY
WINTER'S CHILL, BUT
KNOWS IN HIS HEART
THAT IT ISN'T.

THERE'S
NO GLORY IN IT,
YOU SEE. NO FINERY
TO THE DEATH. JUST
THAT LAST TWITCH OF
YOUR BODY AND THE
CREAK OF THE
GALLOWS AND THE
GROAN OF THE ROPE
AND THE CHEER OF
THE CROWD.

TODAY IS
THURSDAY,
NOT THAT IT
MATTERS.



THE ROPE DROPS AND YOU DROP ALONG WITH IT.

NOW IF YOU'RE CANNY, YOU'LL HAVE PAID THE HANGMAN TO NOOSE YOU SO YOUR NECK SNAPS THEN.

ME, I PAID THE MAN, BUT HE CHEATED ME.



GAVE ME A KNAVE'S DEATH EVEN THOUGH HE HAD MY GOLD IN HIS PURSE.



WHEN YOU'RE HANGING AND CHOKING, IT'S NICE. YOUR NECK HURTS, BUT YOUR HEAD GOES TO A SLEEPY PLACE, AND BELOW THE BELT EVERYTHING COMES TO LIFE.

YEAH, I'VE BEEN DOWN THAT ROAD MYSELF. HER NAME WAS GINA BOY, WAS SHE A LITTLE HELLCAT.



MR. PIRATE I HAVE TO ADMIT...

...THAT I CAN'T SAY I HAVE.

BUT HAVE YOU BEEN TO WHERE EVERYTHING STARTS DYING AGAIN? BELOW THE BELT AND ABOVE? WHEN YOU TRY TO SNATCH ONE FINAL THOUGHT, SOMETHING SAGE TO HAVE IN YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU NAVIGATE THE GULF OF ETERNITY AND ARRIVE AT THE PORT OF ST. PETER, YOU TRY TO THINK THAT LAST THOUGHT AND CAN'T.

YOU JUST SWING THERE AND FEEL STUPID AND THEN YOU'RE DEAD.



NO, OF COURSE NOT.

AND CALL ME JON.

I'M ON FIRST NAME TERMS WITH A GHOST. A NAUTICAL GHOST. OH MY GOD, I'M MRS. MUIR. ALL I NEED IS CHARLES NELSON REILLY AND I'M SET.



JACK SMILES. HE NEVER LIKED GHOST STORIES. AS A CHILD THEY FRIGHTENED HIM MORE THAN ALL THE OTHER NURSERY SCHOOL BOOK TERRORS.

BUT NOW HE SMILES. AS THE REAL THING STANDS BEFORE HIM... SMELLING OF LIME AND CARAWAY.

LIME AND CARAWAY.



YOU...I REMEMBER THE SMELL...I REMEMBER...

YOU WERE ON THE ROOFTOPS THE NIGHT NASH'S MEN ATTACKED ME. YOU KILLED ONE OF THEM.



I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR A WHILE.

THAT NIGHT I THOUGHT THE ODDS WERE A MITE ON THE SHY SIDES...FOR YOU. I EVENED THEM UP.

WATCHING ME?

I NEED A CHAMPION. SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP ME.



AND LATER, I SAW A FLASH OF SOMETHING. I THOUGHT IT WAS A VISION BROUGHT ON BY A BEATING I HAD AT A CIRCUS. BUT THE SMELL WAS THE SAME...LIME AND CARAWAY. THOUGH YOU LOOKED DIFFERENT.



I'VE LOOKED MANY DIFFERENT WAYS IN MY LIFETIME. AND AS I SAID, I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR A WHILE.

WHY? ME, HELP YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



CLEAR MY NAME OF THE FALSE CRIME I SWUNG FOR.

I'M TOO LONG IN THIS PLACE.



"LET ME TELL YOU MY TALE,
YOUNG JACK.

"LET ME TELL YOU HOW ONE SUCH AS
I BECAME THE WRETCHED THING YOU
SEE THIS DAY.

"THE BEGINNING OF THE YARN IS
EASY TO RELATE. AND NO GREAT
SURPRISE FOR YOU.

"THAT ONCE,
LONG AGO...

"...I SAILED
THE SEAS.

"AND NE'RY WAS THERE A
SPANIARD WHO DIDN'T
FEAR MY FLAG.



"I WAS A NOBLEMAN.
JON VALOR.
ENGLAND WAS MY
HOME THEN, AND
BESS MY QUEEN.

"I WENT TO SEA WITH
MY LETTER OF
MARGUE AND
REPRISAL SIGNED BY
HER OWN DEAR HAND.

"THOUGH HISTORY
CALLED ME THE BLACK
PIRATE, IN TRUTH I
WAS CLOSER TO BEING
THE BLACK PRIVATEER,
FOR I SAILED WITH
APPROVAL OF CROWN
AND COUNTRY.

"THE SPANISH HAD
WEALTH, YOU SEE, AND
ENGLAND WOULD TAKE
HER SHARE OF IT.

"I LOVED MY LAND
AND SOUGHT TO
BRING HER BOUNTY. I
WAS NO GLORY DOG
LIKE DRAKE. HE
SAILED ALWAYS WITH
THE QUEEN'S FAVOR
IN MIND. HE SOUGHT
HER GRACE.

"I DID NOT EVEN CARE
TO SHOW MY FACE, TO
TELL MY NAME. I
FOUGHT MASKED AND
SO THE NAME BLACK
PIRATE CAME TO BE.



"DRAKE, HAWKINS AND
CAVANDISH, THEY WERE
THE THREE, MY RIVALS.

"THOUGH I FOUGHT AT
THEIR SIDE AT THE
BATTLE OF SAN JUAN
DE ULUA.

"BUT EVEN THEN, THEY
SAILED AWAY BACK
TO ENGLAND'S
SHORES, WHERE I
TURNED MY SHIP TO
ST. KITTS AND
FOUGHT THE ROGUE
RED DANIELS AMIDST
THE TOBACCO FIELDS.

"I SAILED BACK TO
ENGLAND LATER
LOADED DOWN WITH
DUCATS AND FINE
SILVER. THOUGH MY
EXTRA TRAVAILS
MEANT DRAKE TOOK
THE CHEERS WITH HIS
EARLIER RETURN.

"NEVER THAT IT
MATTERED. NOT
ONCE, FOR THE COOL
OF SEA AND THE HEAT
OF BATTLE WERE
AROUND ME ALWAYS.

"AND THERE INDEED
WAS MY BOON."





AN ORION AND A KOYO.
THEY'RE MY GOALSSS THIS
TRIP. I LOVE THE LETTERING
ON THE KOYO'SSS DESSIGN.
IT DOESSNT LOOK LIKE A
LARGER RADIO SSSHRUNKEN
DOWN IN SSSCALE LIKE OTHER
TRANSISTORSSS THAT ARE
HORIZONTAL.

...YEAH, THIS
WAS IN A BUNCH
OF STUFF I GOT
IN LAST WEEK.

I
ALMOST
FORGOT.

IF YOU
LIKE IT I'LL
GIVE YOU A
GOOD PRICE.

AH, A
HONEYTONE.
NICE
CONDITION.

THIRTY FIVE
DOLLARS.

I
ALREADY
HAVE THISSS
ONE.
SSBORRY.

I'M NOT
FAMILIAR WITH
THEM ENOUGH
THAT I'D
KNOW.

HEY
WAIT A
MINUTE. I
THINK...

HAVE TWO. FOR
TWENTY FIVE I'M
PRACTICALLY GIVING
IT TO YOU.

FOR
TWENTY YOU
HAVE A
DEAL.

YOU
DON'T
KNOW THE
HALF OF
IT.

YOU'RE A BAD
MAN, KNOCKING MY
PRICE DOWN, BUT
OKAY, YOU GOT A
RADIO.

BAD MAN?
I'M A BAD
MAN?

"BUT THEN THE WAR
ENDED..."

"...SPAIN WAS NO
LONGER THE QUEEN'S
ENEMY AND SO NO
LONGER MINE.

"I TOOK A WIFE, THE
KING OF SPAIN'S
OWN WARD.

"DONNA BONITA, MY
BEAUTY, MY LOVE.

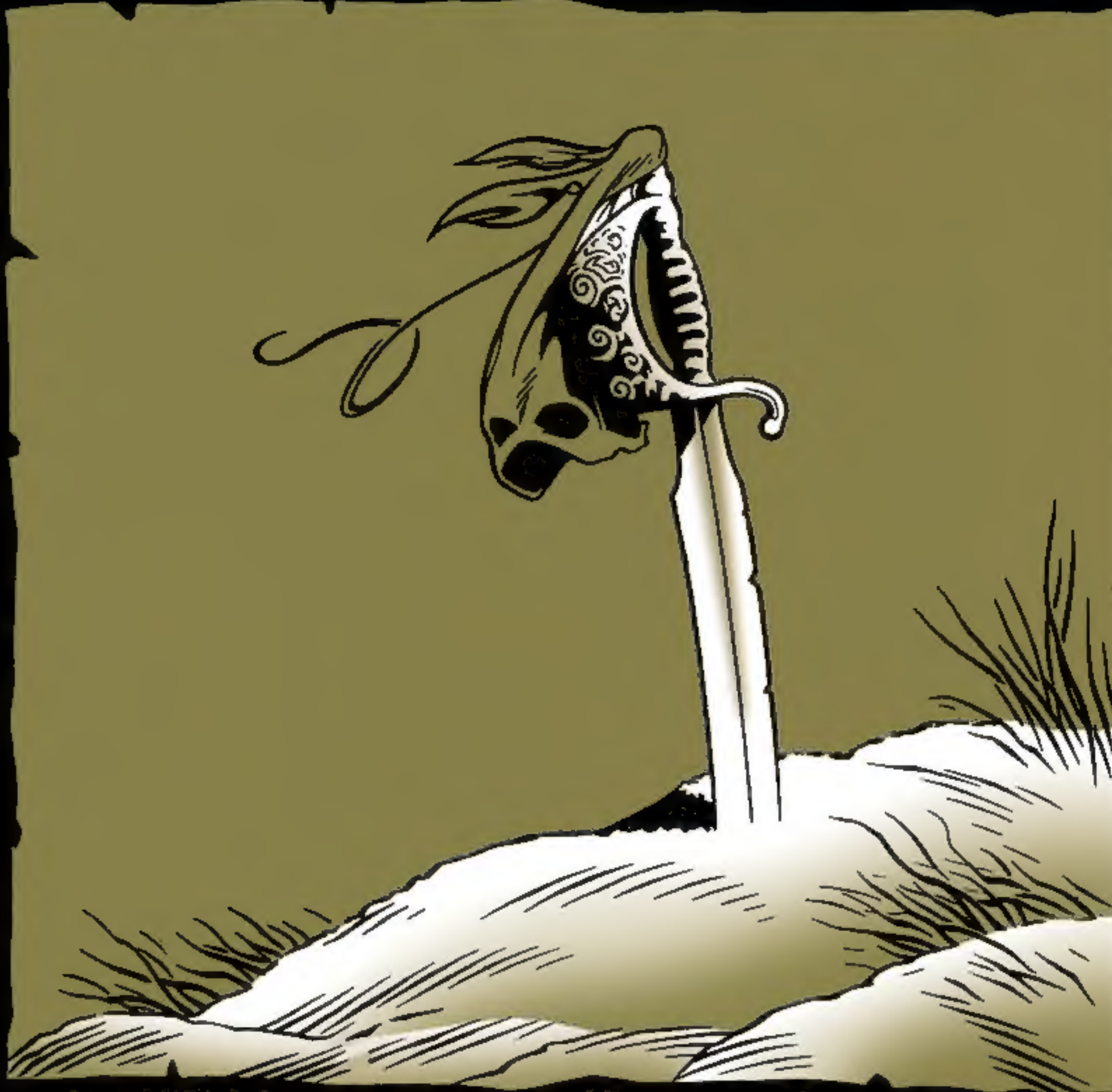
"AND CAME THE TIME
WE HAD A SON, HE
TOO WAS BEAUTIFUL.
MY LIGHT.

"JUSTIN.



"IT WAS JUSTIN'S
DEATH YEARS LATER
THAT HAD ME CAST
ASIDE THE BLACK
PIRATE. I SHOWED
MY FACE TO KING
CHARLIE, AND SAID
FAREWELL TO MY
OLD LIFE..."

"...FOREVER.



"THOUGH FOREVER
WAS NOT TO BE.

"THE KING CALLED
ME BACK TO
SERVICE.
BRIGANDS WERE
RAIDING ENGLISH
SHIPS IN THE NEW
WORLD AND HE
WOULD HAVE ME
DRAG THEM BACK
IN CHAINS.

"I MET THE PIRATE
CHIEF AND
FOUGHT HIM
SOUND.

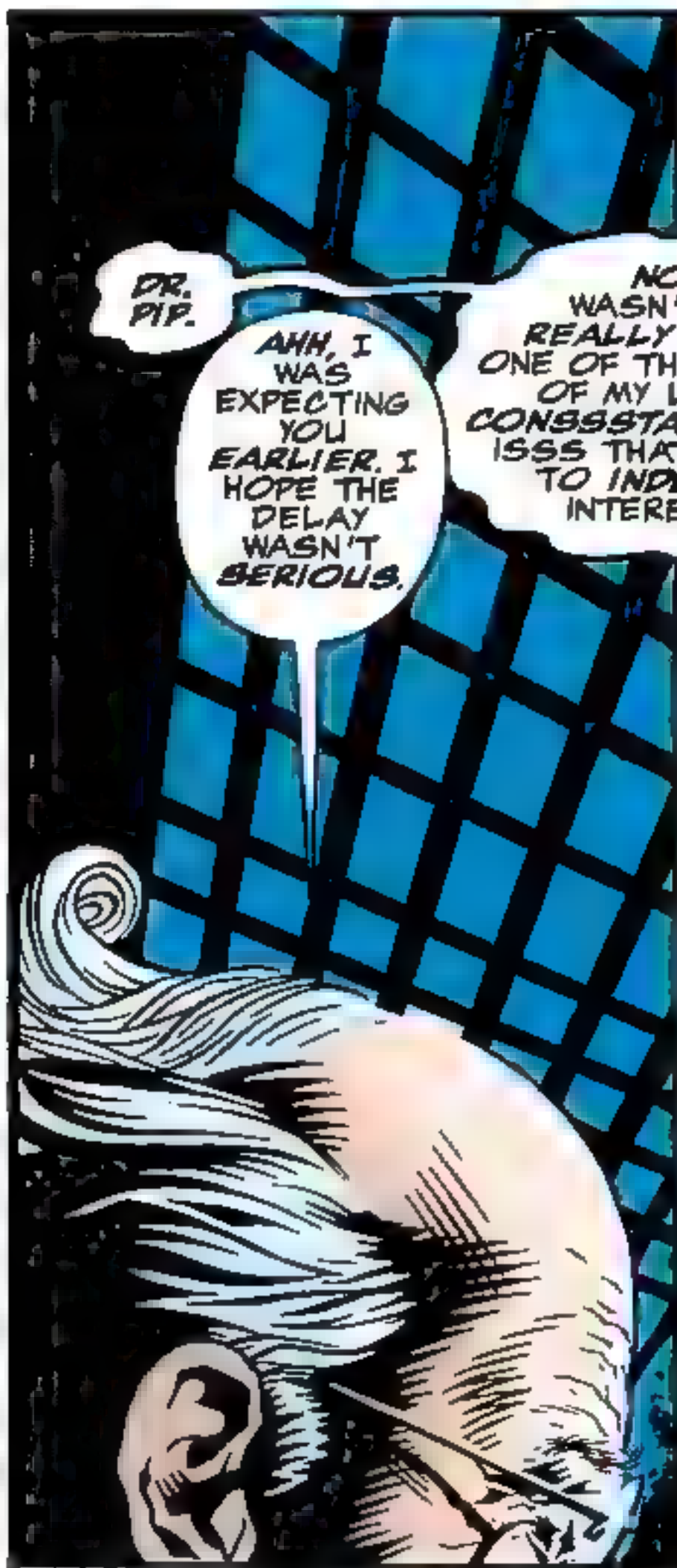
"ONLY TO FIND HE
WAS MY OWN
SWEET JUSTIN,
ALIVE.

"JUSTIN WAS A
PURITAN, TAKING
BOOTY TO FUND
MORE OF HIS FAITH
COMING TO THE
AMERICAS.

"A TENSE TIME,
FACING YOUR OWN
SON AS FOE...
BUT WE PARTED
FRIENDS.

"HE WENT BACK TO HIS
NEWLY AUSTERE LIFE,
AND I RETURNED TO
MY MORE GILDED
LATTER YEARS."





DR. PIP.

AHH, I WAS EXPECTING YOU EARLIER. I HOPE THE DELAY WASN'T SERIOUS.

NO. IT WASN'T EVEN REALLY A DELAY. ONE OF THE PERKSSS OF MY LIFE...THE CONSSSTANT TRAVEL... ISSS THAT I'M ABLE TO INDULGE MY INTERESSST.



TRANSSSISTOR RADIOSSS. I COLLECT THEM.

INTEREST?

REALLY. I DIDN'T KNOW THAT



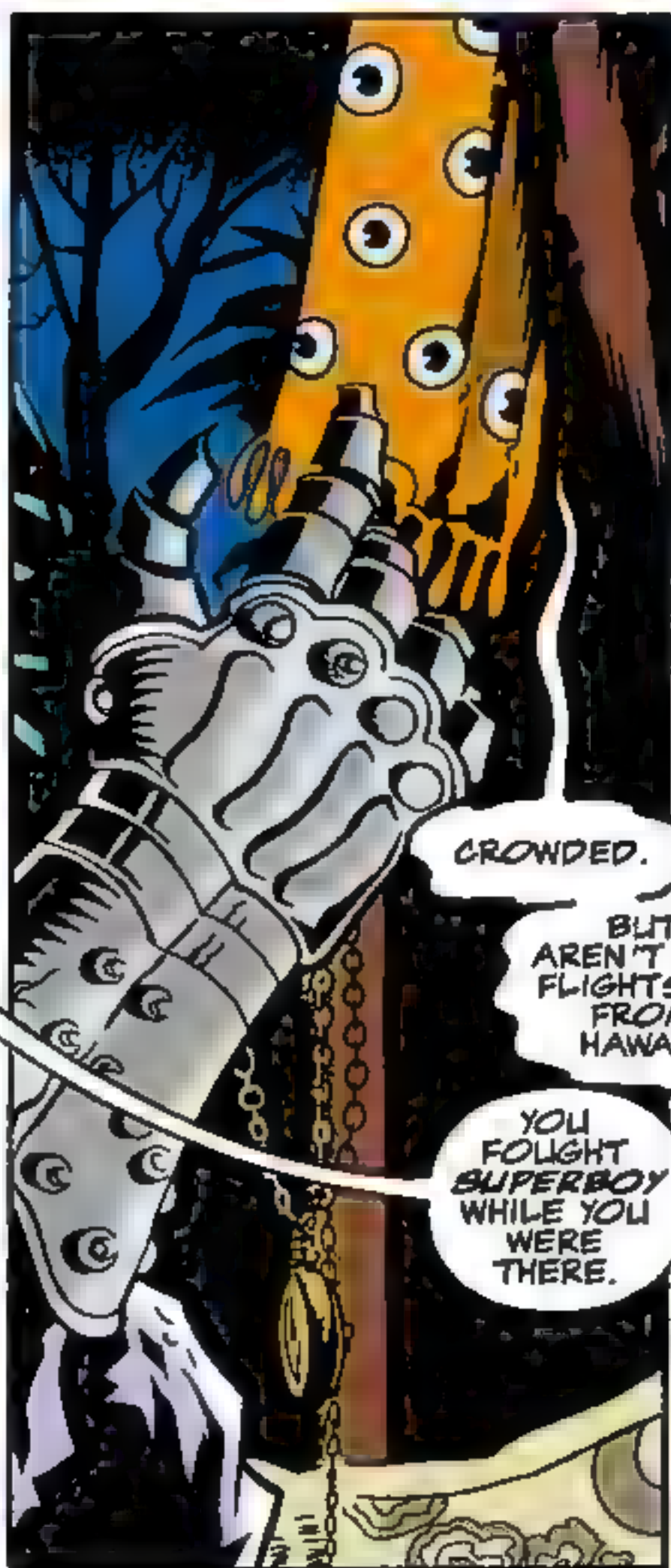
NO WELL IT'SSSS NOT SSSOMETHING I ADVERTISSSE.

WHEN I FOUGHT BATMAN AND WONDER WOMAN IT DIDN'T COME UP IN CONVERSASSSATION. I DON'T KNOW WHY.

OH, EXCEPT PERHAPSSS BECAUSE I WAS TRYING SSSO VERY HARD TO KILL THEM AT THE TIME.



HOW WAS THE FLIGHT FROM HAWAII?



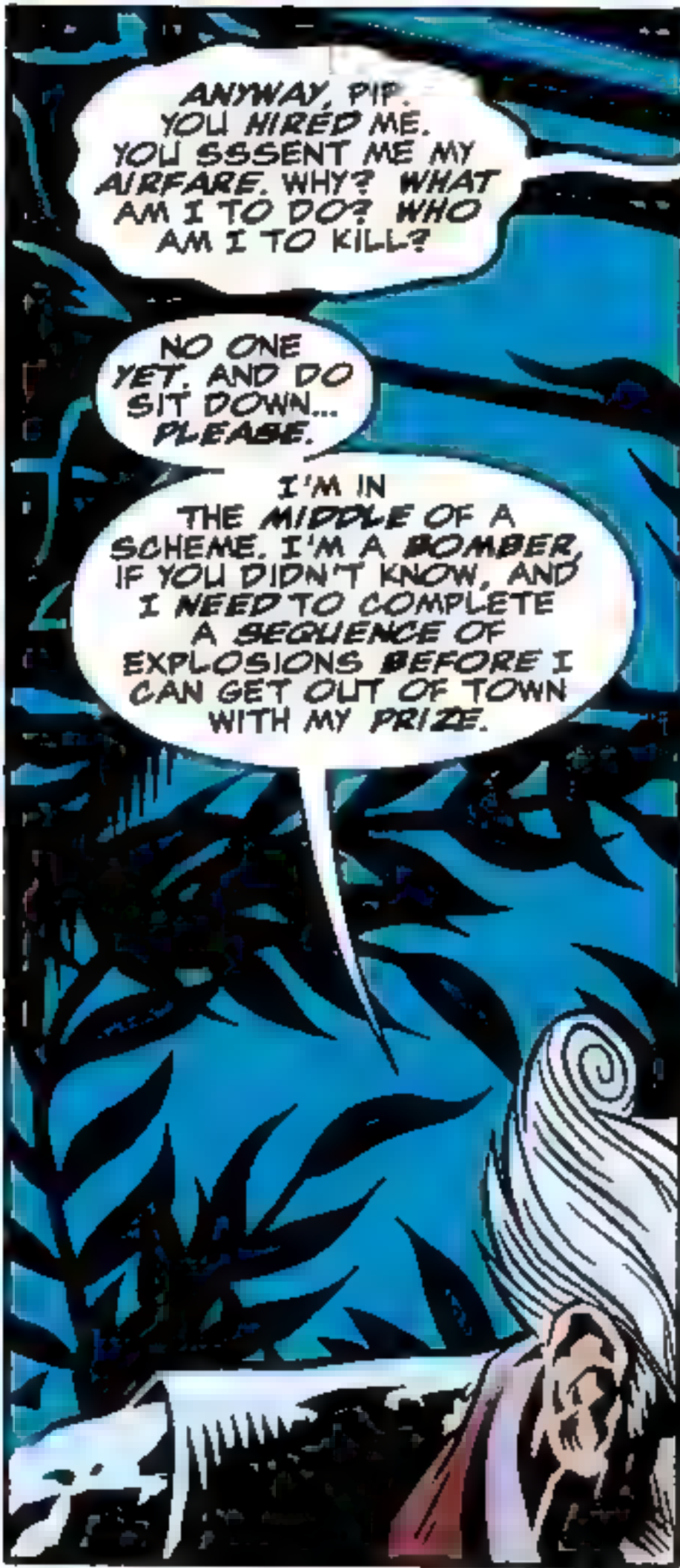
CROWDED.

BUT AREN'T ALL FLIGHTSSS FROM HAWAII.

YOU FOUGHT SUPERBOY WHILE YOU WERE THERE.



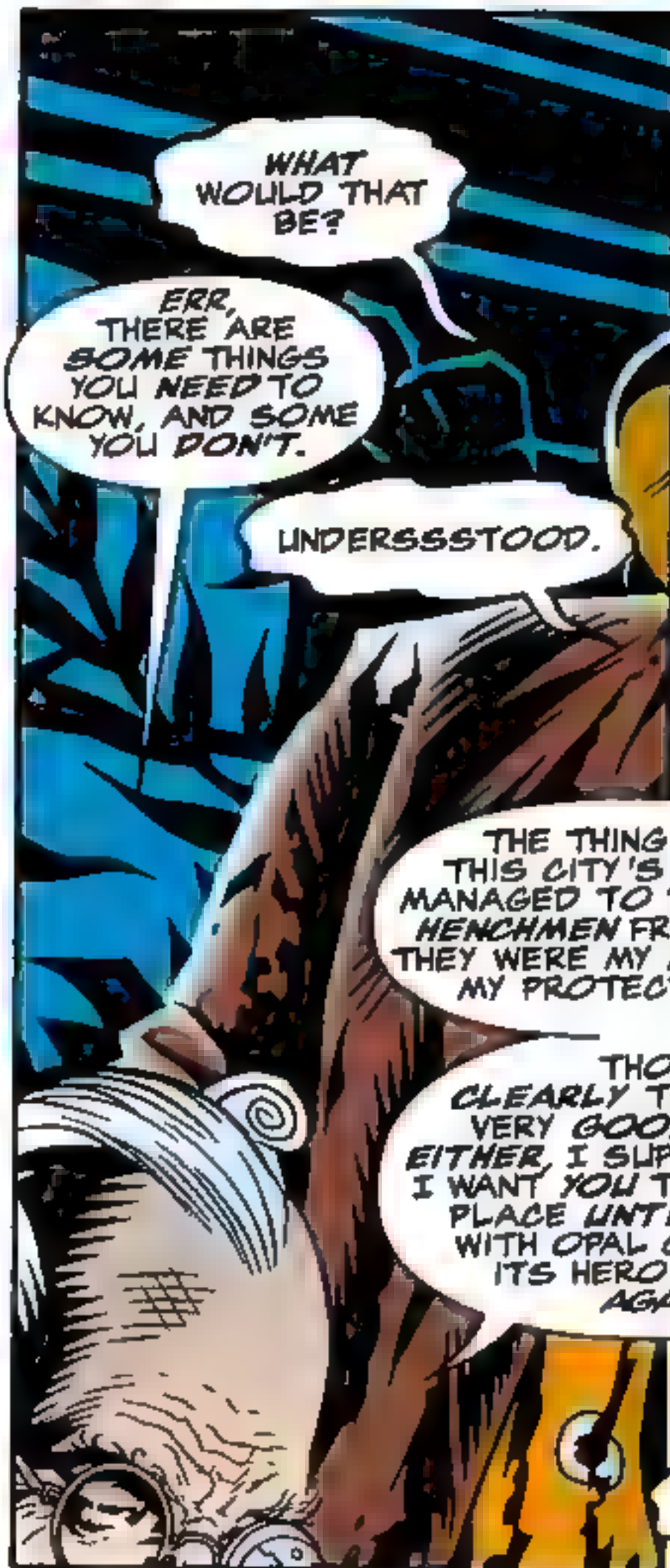
AND I FOUND A BLUE ZEPHYR MINT IN THE BOX IN A LITTLE SSSSHOP IN WAIKIKI, WHICH MADE UP FOR SSSSOME OF MY BRUISSSSS.



ANYWAY, PIP. YOU HIRED ME. YOU SSSENT ME MY AIRFARE. WHY? WHAT AM I TO DO? WHO AM I TO KILL?

NO ONE YET. AND DO SIT DOWN... PLEASE.

I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCHEME. I'M A BOMBER, IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW, AND I NEED TO COMPLETE A SEQUENCE OF EXPLOSIONS BEFORE I CAN GET OUT OF TOWN WITH MY PRIZE.



WHAT WOULD THAT BE?

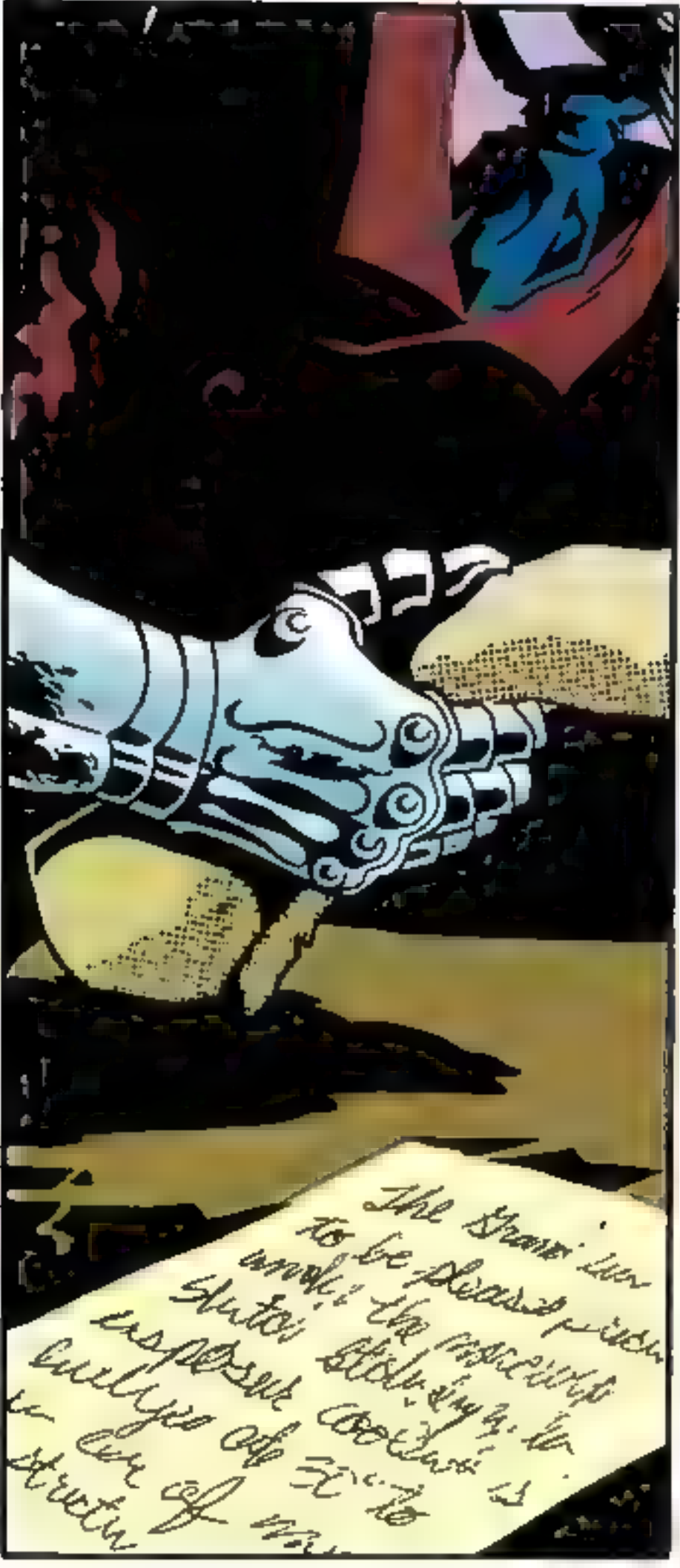
ERR, THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW, AND SOME YOU DON'T.

UNDERSSTOOD.

THE THING IS, THIS CITY'S HERO MANAGED TO TAKE MY HENCHMEN FROM ME. THEY WERE MY MUSCLE, MY PROTECTION.

THOUGH CLEARLY THEY WEREN'T VERY GOOD AT BEING EITHER, I SUPPOSE. ANYWAY, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THEIR PLACE UNTIL I'M DONE WITH OPAL CITY. AND IF ITS HERO APPEARS AGAIN--

SSSTARMAN.



The Spanish lun to be pleased with what the mercenary slaver is doing. In expensive work is being off to the street.



INDEED...

...I WANT YOU TO KILL HIM.

WHEN DO I SSSTART?

I'LL NEED YOU IN AN HOUR.



GOOD. THERE'S ONE MORE SSSTORE I WANT TO CHECK OUT FIRST.

"THEN A YEAR OR
SO LATER, A
LETTER ARRIVED.

"JUSTIN WAS IN
TROUBLE, IN DANGER.
HE NEEDED ME.

"I GATHERED A CREW
AND SET OFF THAT
VERY DAY.

"MY WIFE AILED
FROM AN OVERLY
COLD ENGLISH
WINTER, BUT BADE
ME GO
NEVERTHELESS.

"I SAILED AWAY
PROMISING HER I'D
SEE HER AGAIN
BEFORE SPRING'S
BLOSSOMS HAD ALL
FALLEN.

"THE GOING WAS
TREACHEROUS.
STORMS, PERHAPS I
WAS OLD, PERHAPS
THE YOUTH WHO FLEW
A PIRATE'S FLAG
WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT NOTHING
OF THEM, CALLED
THEM BREEZES AND
SPAT IN THEIR FACE.

"BUT I WAS NO
YOUTH, NOT THEN.
AND THE GOING WAS
TREACHEROUS.



"I ARRIVED AT A
SMALL SETTLEMENT
BY A MIGHTY RIVER.
ITS PORT WAS
ALREADY A THRIVING
PLACE OF COMMERCE
AND TRADE. THE NAME
OF THE PLACE WAS
PORT O'SOULS.

"THIS WAS LONG
BEFORE THE TURK
WAS HUNG. LONG
BEFORE ANY OF THE
NAMINGS. LONG
BEFORE THE GEM
MAN'S COMING AND
THE NAME THAT
WOULD LAST.



"I ARRIVED THERE
AND WAS MET BY A
GENTLEMAN, COB
DUNNING HIS NAME
WAS. ALL POWDERED
AND PRIMPED. UNLIKE
THE FARMERS AND
PILGRIMS WHO
LABORED AND PLIED
AROUND HIM. HE
TOLD ME HE WAS MY
SON'S FRIEND AND
THAT JUSTIN HAD
BUSINESS KEEPING
HIM FROM OUR
MEETING.

"INSTEAD WE WERE
TO CONVENE THAT
EVENING. DUNNING
GAVE ME A TAVERN
NAME AND
DIRECTIONS TO IT.

"WAS I NAIVE?
TOO TRUSTING?
PERHAPS. I WAS
NOT THINKING
STRAIGHT, TO BE
SURE."



YOU
KNOW, I THINK
I'VE GOT ONE
OF THOSE.

AN
OLD LADY. HER
SON GOT SICK WITH LUPUS
'N' DIED. HURT HER TO GET RID
OF HER SON'S STUFF BUT
SHE NEEDED THE MONEY. I
THINK BURYING HIM STUNG
HER BANK ACCOUNT.

Second C

I OFFERED
HER A FEW BUCKS
FOR SOME THINGS. I
KNEW WHAT SOME OF
IT WAS WORTH. KNEW
THAT I WAS MAKING
A KILLING.

BUT HELL,
I'M A
BUSINESS-
MAN.

ANYWAY,
THE KID
COLLECTED
RADIOS. THE
OLD BAKELITE
KIND MAINLY, BUT
HE HAD A FEW
TRANSISTORS
TOO.

I
THINK ONE
OF THEM
WAS--

YES.
I KNEW IT. A
KOYO. ISN'T
IT A BEAUTY?

IT'S
PERFECT.
YESSS. QUITE
LOVELY.

SO, I WON'T
JERK YOU
AROUND. I KNOW
WHAT IT'S WORTH.
YOU KNOW WHAT
IT'S WORTH.
LET'S JUST
AGREE ON A
PRICE AND I CAN
CLOSE UP FOR
THE NIGHT.

YOU'RE
NOT MUCH
FUN TO
BUY
FROM.

IF I
HAVE TO
MAKE IT FUN
I'LL CHARGE
ADMISSION,
FRIEND.
THIS IS BUS-
INESS.

SSSO I
GATHER.

WELL
WHAT DO
YOU SAY THE
RADIO'S
WORTH?

OH I
KNOW WHAT
IT'SSS WORTH.
IT'SSS-

WATCH
OUT! YOUR
SCARF IS
CAUGHT
ON--

MOTHER
OF GOD!

OH DEAR, OH
DEAR, OH DEAR.
YOU'VE SSSEEN
MY FACE.

AND I CAN'T
AFFORD PEOPLE
KNOWING I'M HERE
IN TOWN. I CAN'T
AFFORD
SSSTARMAN
KNOWING.

JACK KNIGHT?
I HATE JACK KNIGHT.
HE'S COMPETITION. I
WON'T SAY. YOU WANNA
FIGHT HIM, GO RIGHT
AHEAD.

NO.
I CAN'T
TAKE THE
CHANCE. YOU
SSSEE...

...YOU'RE
NOT THE
ONLY ONE WHO
CAN MAKE A
KILLING.

"I ARRIVED AT THE TAVERN LATER AS ARRANGED. THE LANDLORD BADE ME TO A PRIVATE ROOM.

"AND THERE I SAW MY SON. FOR THE LAST TIME. HE WAS ALREADY DEAD. STABBED.

"AS I FELL TO MY KNEES BESIDE HIM, SO THE TOWN'S GUARD ENTERED.

"IT ALL SEEMS SO REHEARSED. THEY AWAITED MY ENTRANCE AND THEN ACTED UPON IT. IT ALL SEEMS SO TIMED. BUT IN MY GRIEF I SAW NONE OF THIS.

"THE TRIAL WAS SWIFT. I WAS A STRANGER. SOMEONE CREPT ONTO MY BOAT AND STOLE AWAY MY DOCUMENTATION. I HAD NO PROOF OF MY OWN IDENTITY.

"MY CREW. MY CREW SAILED AWAY ON THE NIGHT OF MY ARREST. NO DOUBT FEARFUL THE CRIMES IN THEIR OWN PAST MIGHT COME TO LIGHT.

"SO I WAS ALONE.

"ADDED TO THIS WAS THE FACT THAT THE DAGGER IN MY SON WAS MINE OWN. FROM A HILT I KEEP HIDDEN IN BACK OF MY TUNIC. I HAD NOT NOTED ITS ABSENCE.

"AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN WHO HAD GOTTEN CLOSE ENOUGH TO HAVE TAKEN IT...TO HAVE BEGUN THE SAVAGE PANTOMINE THAT ENDED WITH A GALLONS BUILT.

"COB DUNNING. BUT HE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. NOR ANY RECALLED HIM SEEN."



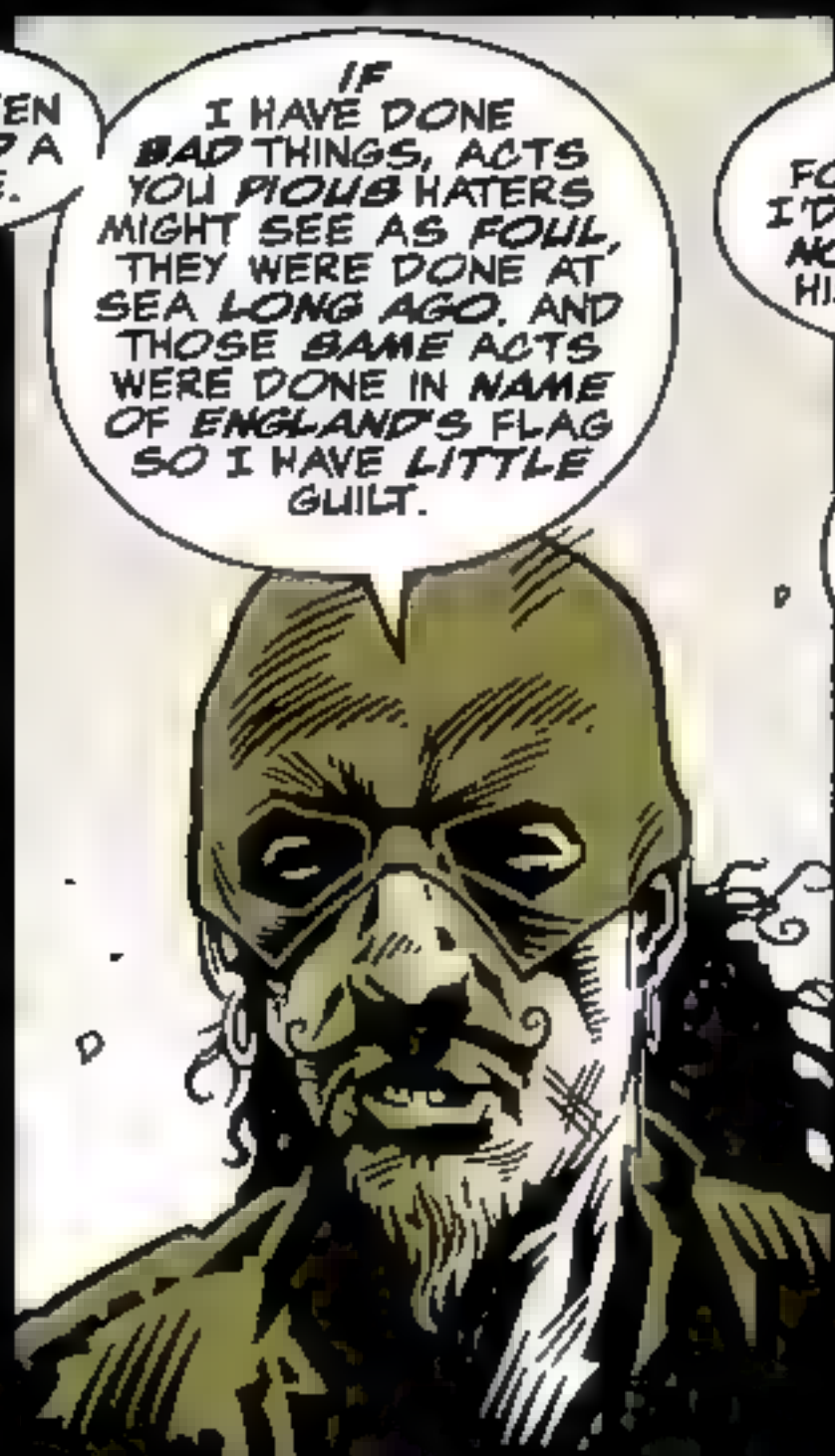
DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY? ANY LAST WORDS, JON VALOR?



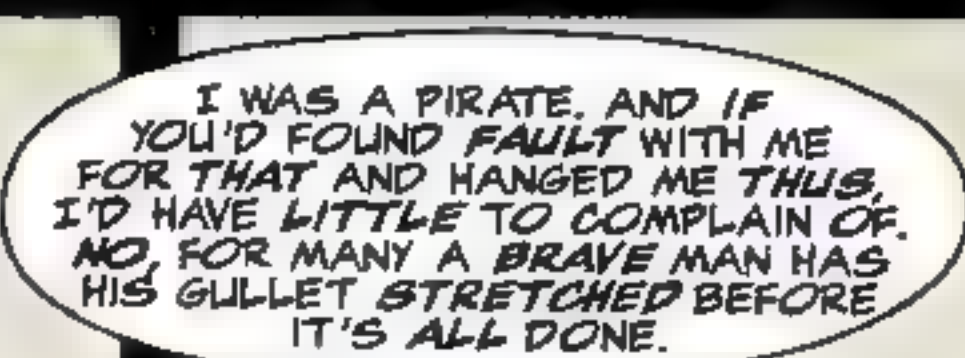
AYE A FEW.



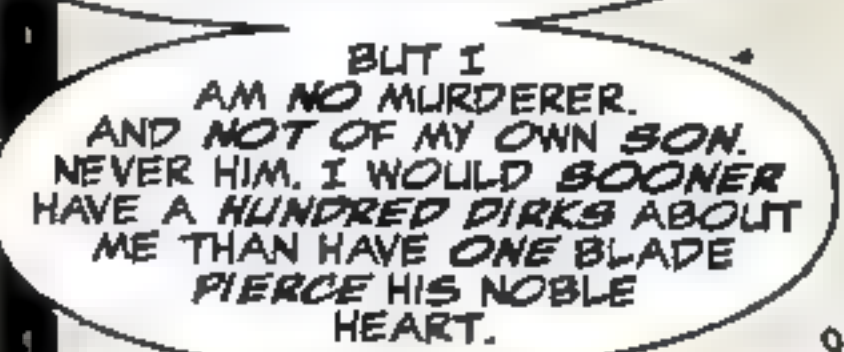
I HAVE BEEN CALLED A PIRATE.



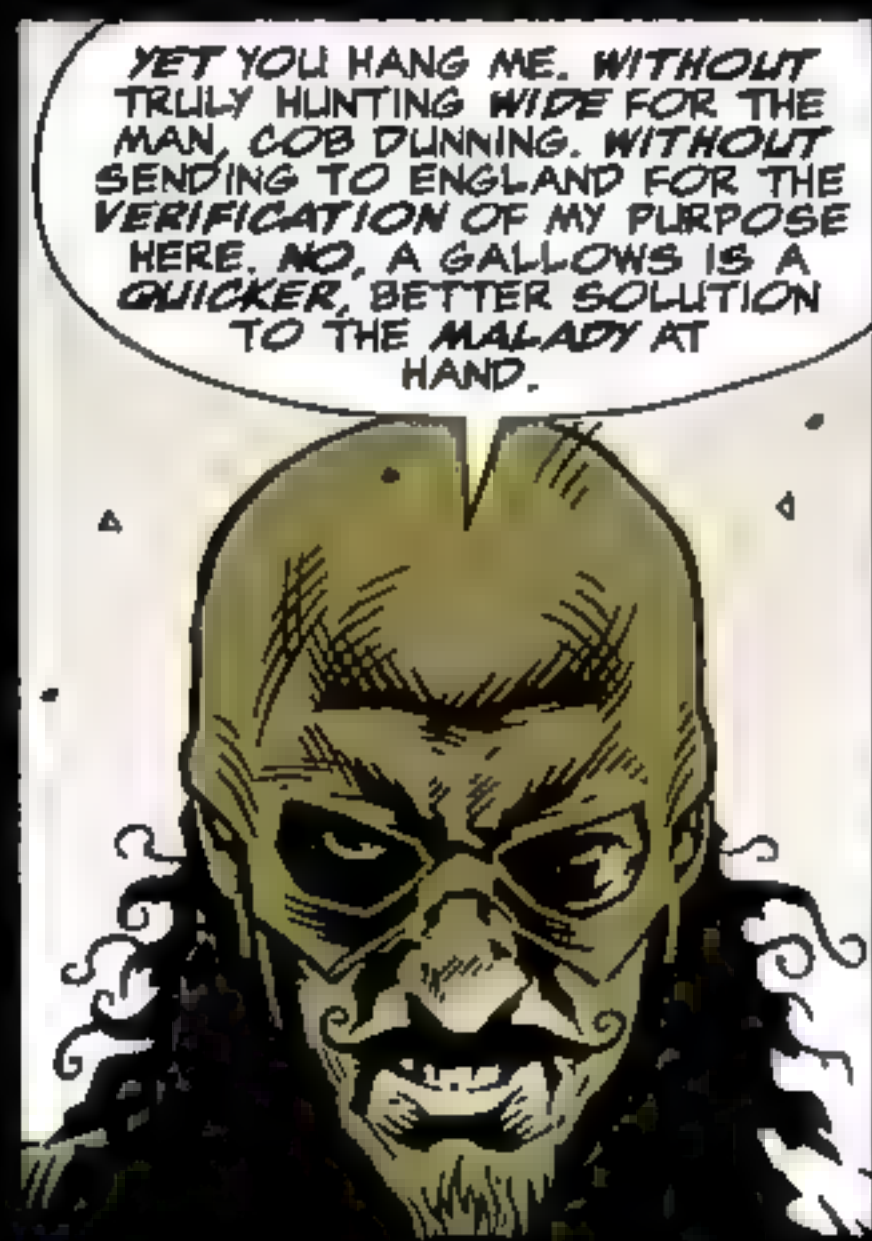
IF I HAVE DONE BAD THINGS, ACTS YOU PIOUS WATERS MIGHT SEE AS FOUL, THEY WERE DONE AT SEA LONG AGO. AND THOSE SAME ACTS WERE DONE IN NAME OF ENGLAND'S FLAG SO I HAVE LITTLE GUILT.



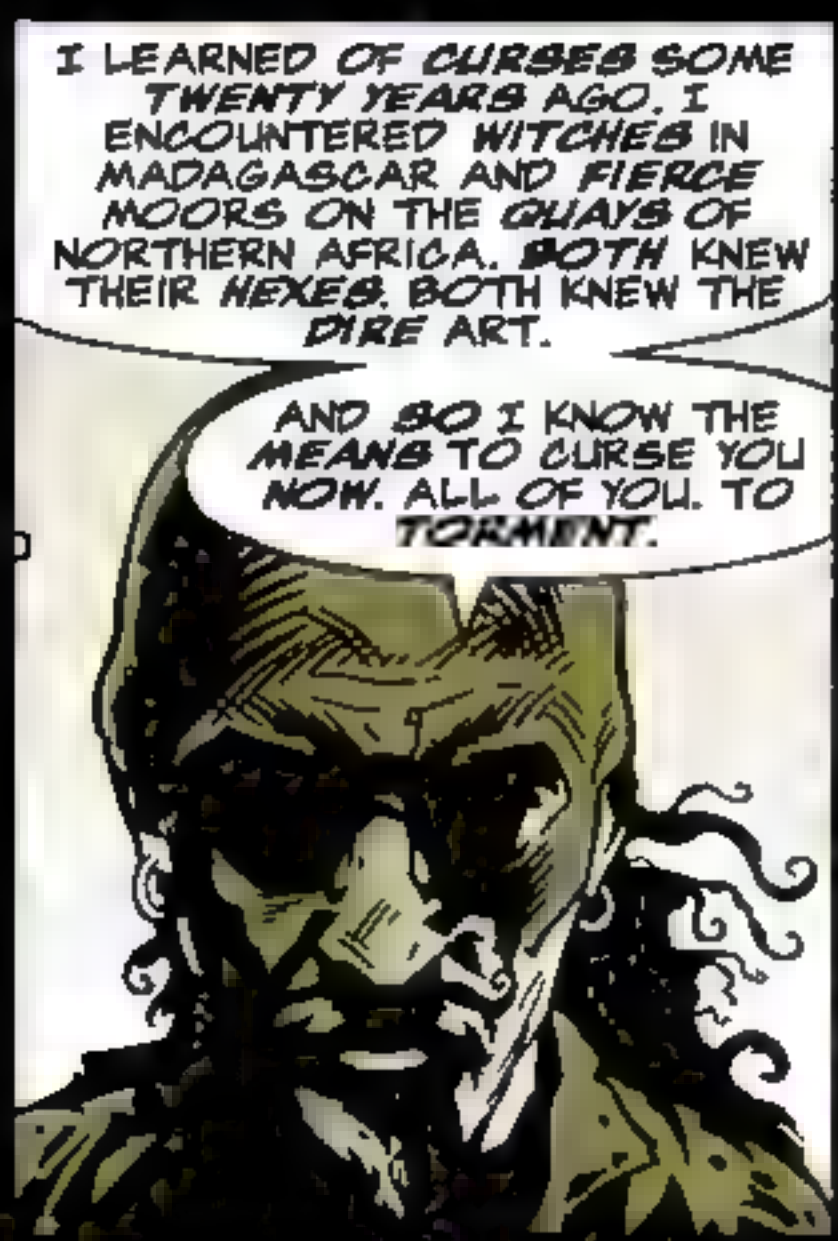
I WAS A PIRATE. AND IF YOU'D FOUND FAULT WITH ME FOR THAT AND HANGED ME THUS, I'D HAVE LITTLE TO COMPLAIN OF. NO, FOR MANY A BRAVE MAN HAS HIS GULLET STRETCHED BEFORE IT'S ALL DONE.



BUT I AM NO MURDERER. AND NOT OF MY OWN SON. NEVER HIM. I WOULD SOONER HAVE A HUNDRED DIRKS ABOUT ME THAN HAVE ONE BLADE PIERCE HIS NOBLE HEART.

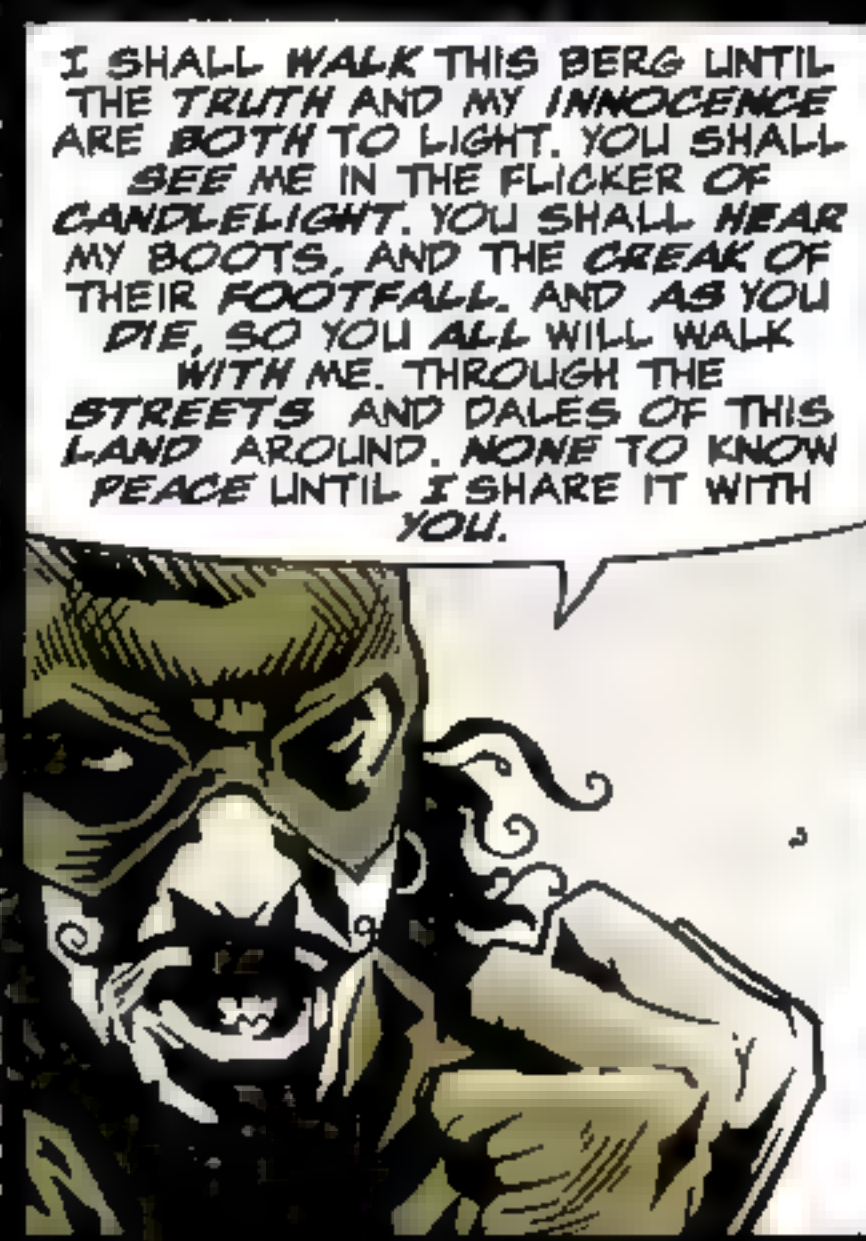


YET YOU HANG ME. WITHOUT TRULY HUNTING WIDE FOR THE MAN, COB DUNNING. WITHOUT SENDING TO ENGLAND FOR THE VERIFICATION OF MY PURPOSE HERE. NO, A GALLOW'S IS A QUICKER, BETTER SOLUTION TO THE MALADY AT HAND.

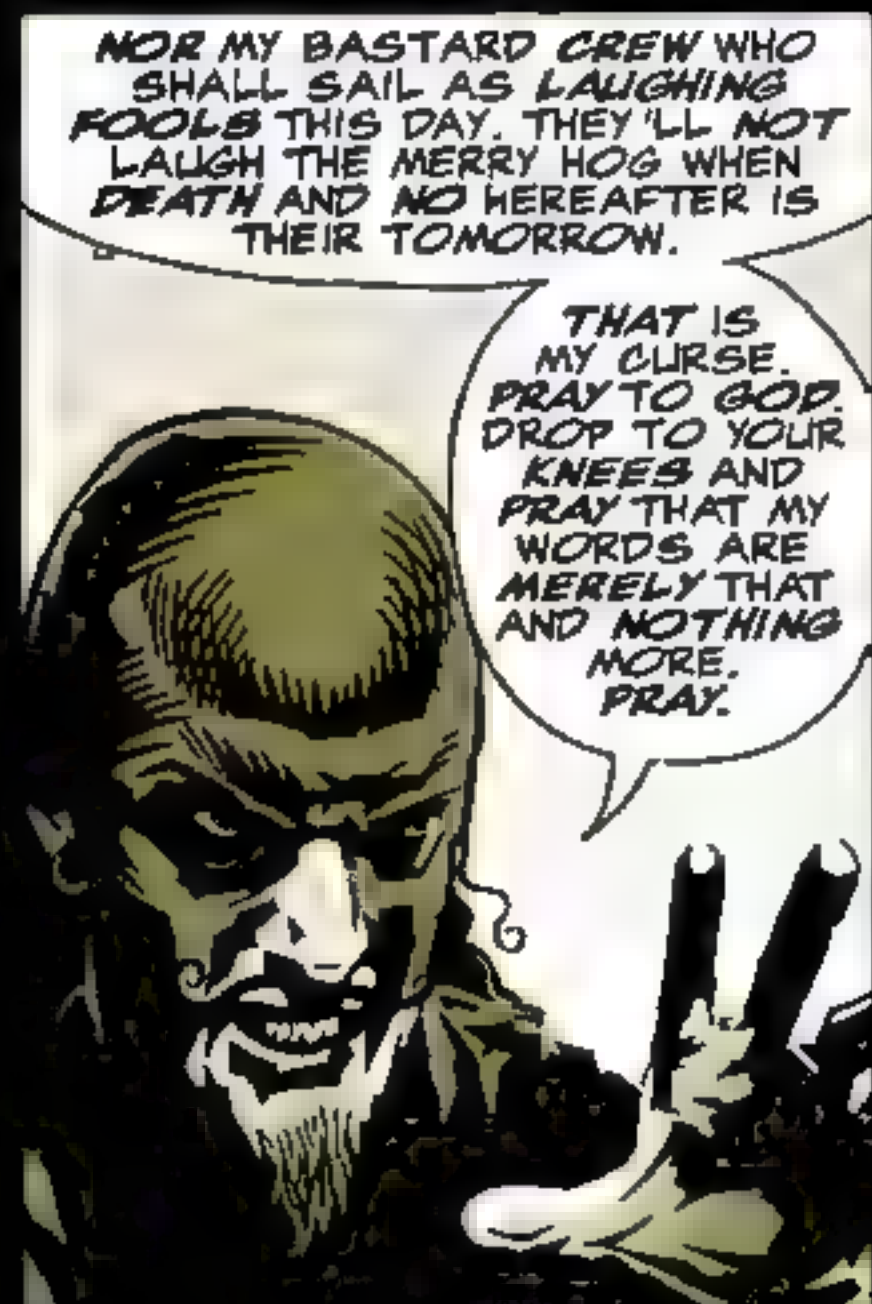


I LEARNED OF CURSES SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO. I ENCOUNTERED WITCHES IN MADAGASCAR AND FIERCE MOORS ON THE QUAYS OF NORTHERN AFRICA. BOTH KNEW THEIR HEXES. BOTH KNEW THE DIRE ART.

AND SO I KNOW THE MEANS TO CURSE YOU NOW. ALL OF YOU. TO TORMENT.



I SHALL WALK THIS BERG UNTIL THE TRUTH AND MY INNOCENCE ARE BOTH TO LIGHT. YOU SHALL SEE ME IN THE FLICKER OF CANDLELIGHT. YOU SHALL HEAR MY BOOTS, AND THE CREAK OF THEIR FOOTFALL. AND AS YOU DIE, SO YOU ALL WILL WALK WITH ME. THROUGH THE STREETS AND DALES OF THIS LAND AROUND. NONE TO KNOW PEACE UNTIL I SHARE IT WITH YOU.



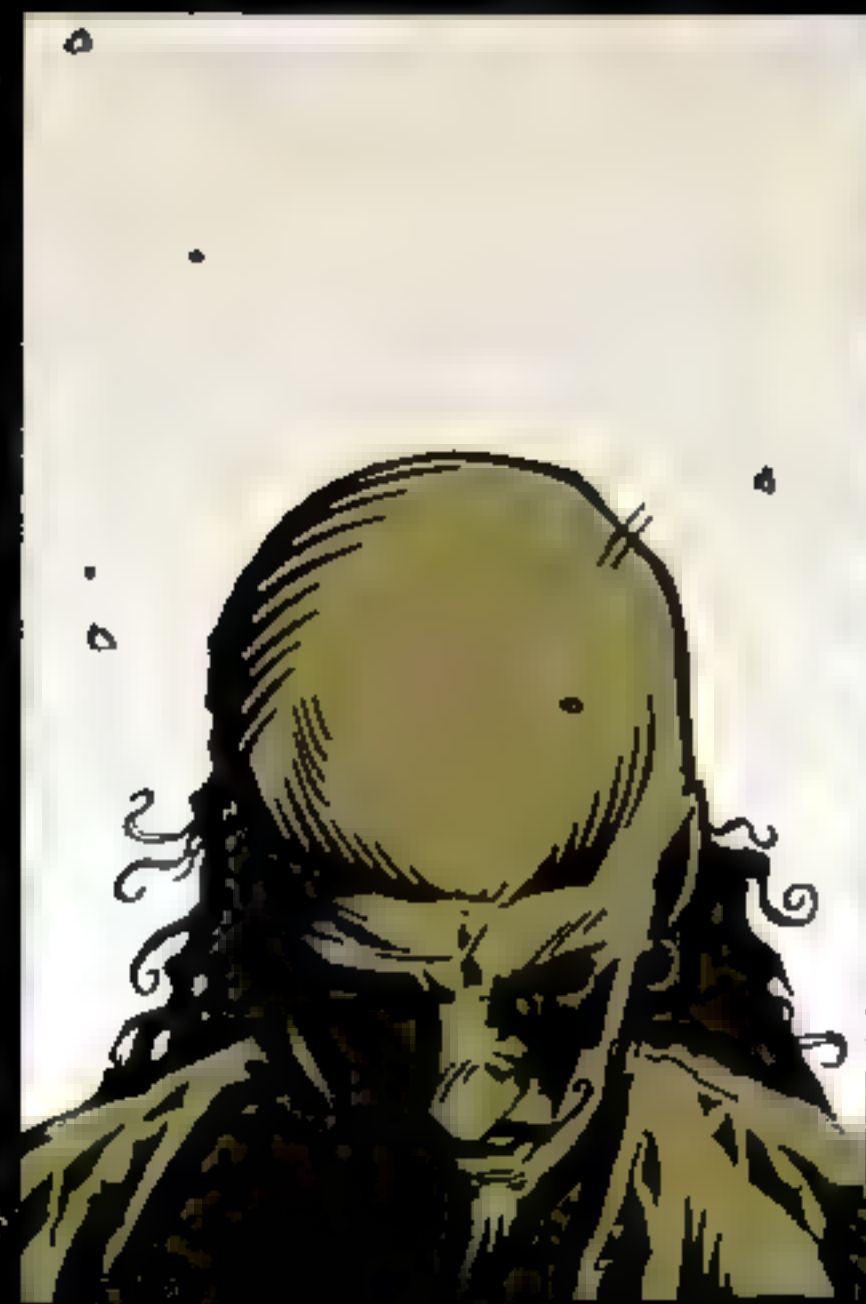
NOR MY BASTARD CREW WHO SHALL SAIL AS LAUGHING FOOLS THIS DAY. THEY'LL NOT LAUGH THE MERRY HOG WHEN DEATH AND NO HEREAFTER IS THEIR TOMORROW.


THAT IS MY CURSE. PRAY TO GOD. DROP TO YOUR KNEES AND PRAY THAT MY WORDS ARE MERELY THAT AND NOTHING MORE. PRAY.



BUT I SHALL SEE YOU ALL AGAIN.

SOME SOONER THAN YOU'D LIKE.




A black and white comic book panel showing a dense crowd of people wearing Pilgrimage hats. Their faces are expressions of shock, horror, and grief. In the foreground, a man's face is shown in profile, looking upwards with a pained expression. Another man in the center is shouting with his mouth wide open. A hand is visible at the top left, reaching up. The overall tone is one of intense emotional distress.

"THERE WAS THE DROP."

"THERE WAS THE SOUND OF THE CROWD... SOME CHEERED, SOME GASPED, SOME WERE SILENT."

"THERE WAS EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU BEFORE... THE CHOKING PAIN, MY LUNGS ON FIRE AS THE AIR DEPARTED AND MY LIFE ALONG WITH IT."

A black and white comic book panel showing a man hanging from a gallows. He is wearing a dark, patterned robe and a Pilgrimage hat. His face is pale and his expression is one of despair and resignation. He is looking down. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The gallows is a simple wooden structure with a chain. The overall tone is one of tragedy and finality.

"AND THAT WAS THE END OF ME."



I'M
SORRY.

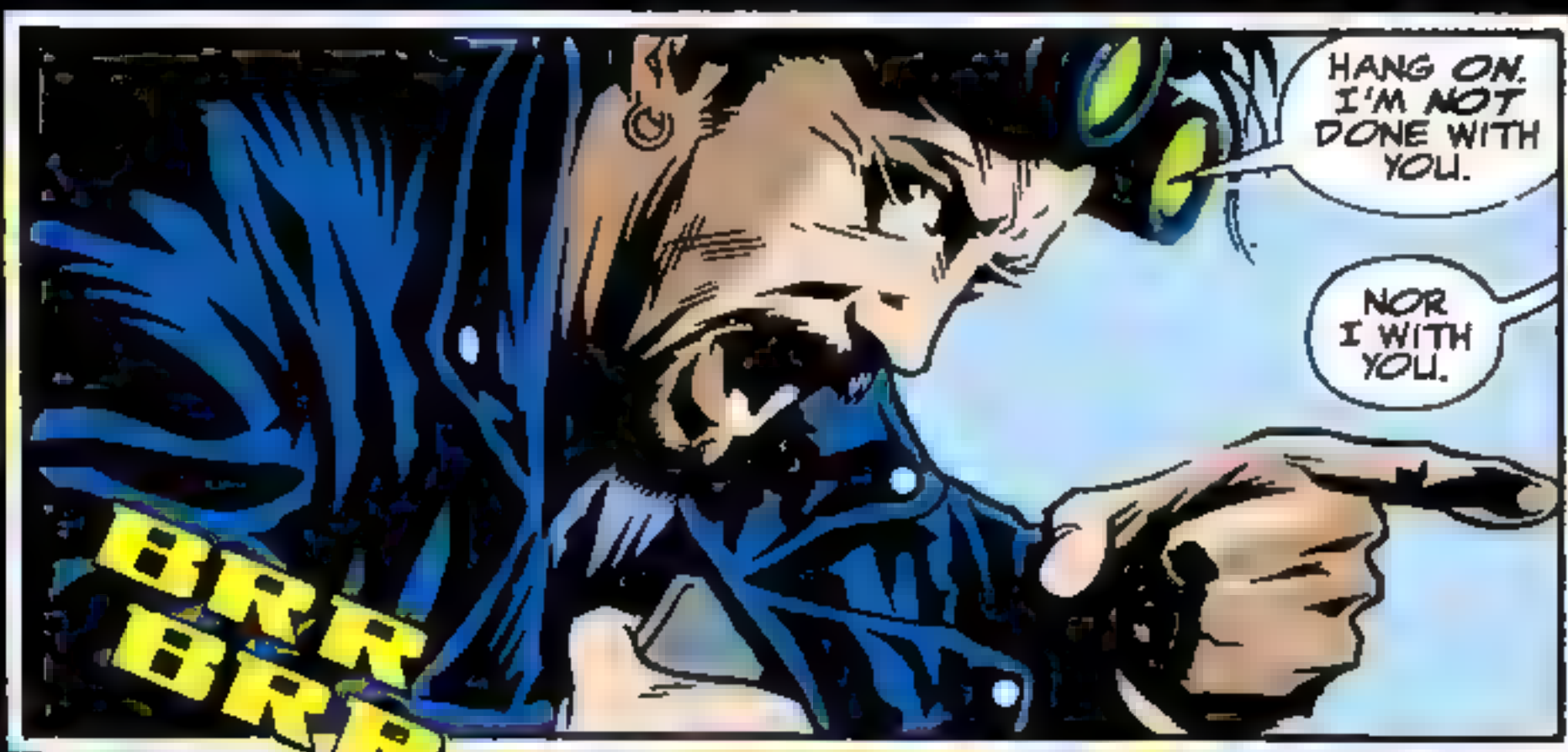
THAT'S A
TERRIBLE
TALE. A SAD,
TERRIBLE
TALE.

BUT...
ERR...WHERE
DO I COME
INTO IT?

IS IT
NOT SIMPLE?
SO VERY
SIMPLE?

FOR THE
TALE IS NOT
OVER. I NEED
YOUR HELP TO
CLEAR MY
NAME.

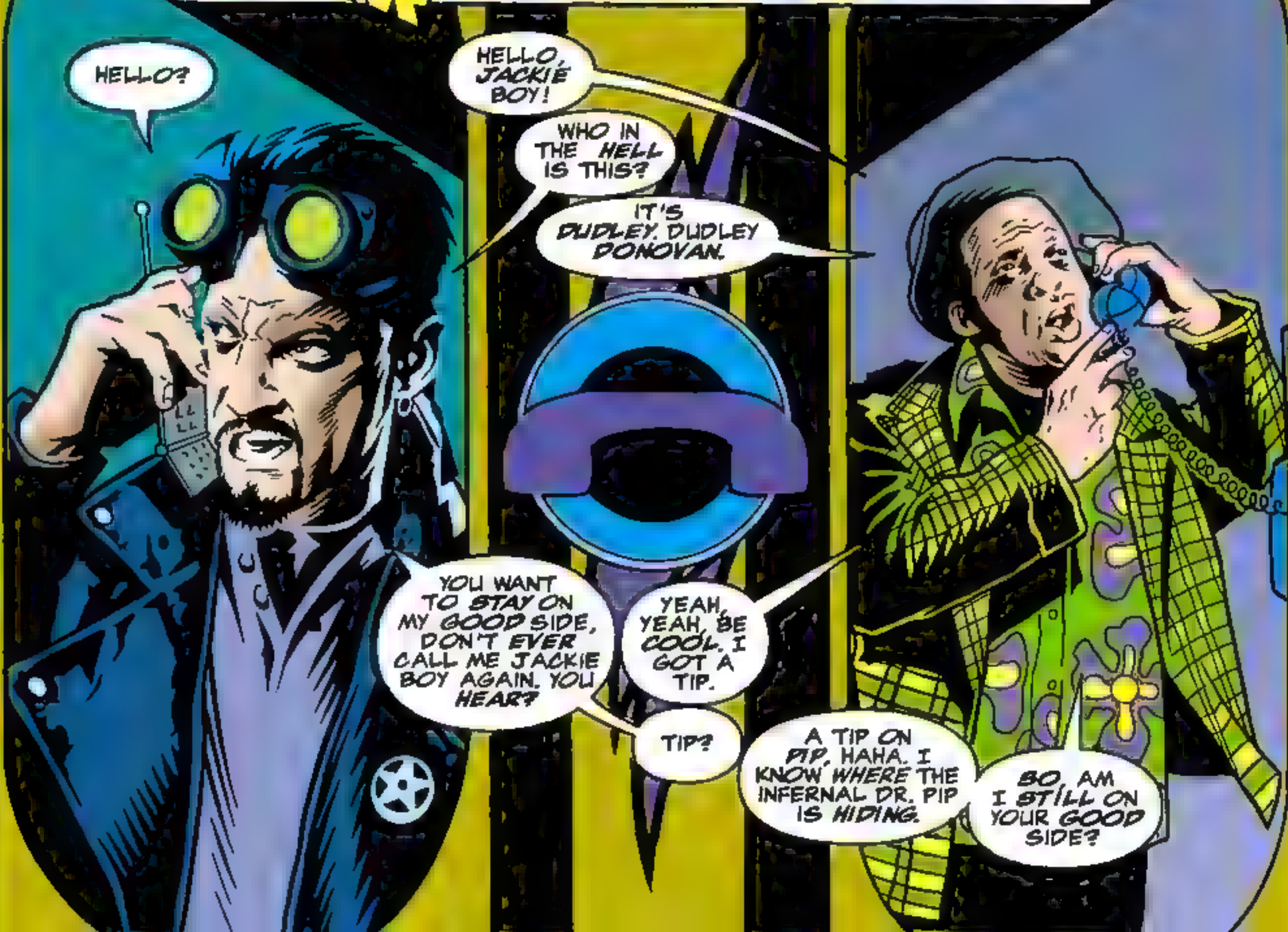
WHOA,
ERROL FLYNN.
SINCE WHEN
DID I START
LOOKING LIKE
A GHOST'S
HELPER? NO
WAY--



HANG ON.
I'M NOT
DONE WITH
YOU.

NOR
I WITH
YOU.

BRR
BRR



HELLO?

HELLO
JACKIE
BOY!

WHO IN
THE HELL
IS THIS?

IT'S
DUDLEY. DUDLEY
DONOVAN.

YOU WANT
TO STAY ON
MY GOOD SIDE,
DON'T EVER
CALL ME JACKIE
BOY AGAIN. YOU
HEAR?

YEAH,
YEAH, BE
COOL. I
GOT A
TIP.

TIP?

A TIP ON
PIP, HAHA. I
KNOW WHERE THE
INFERNAL DR. PIP
IS HIDING.

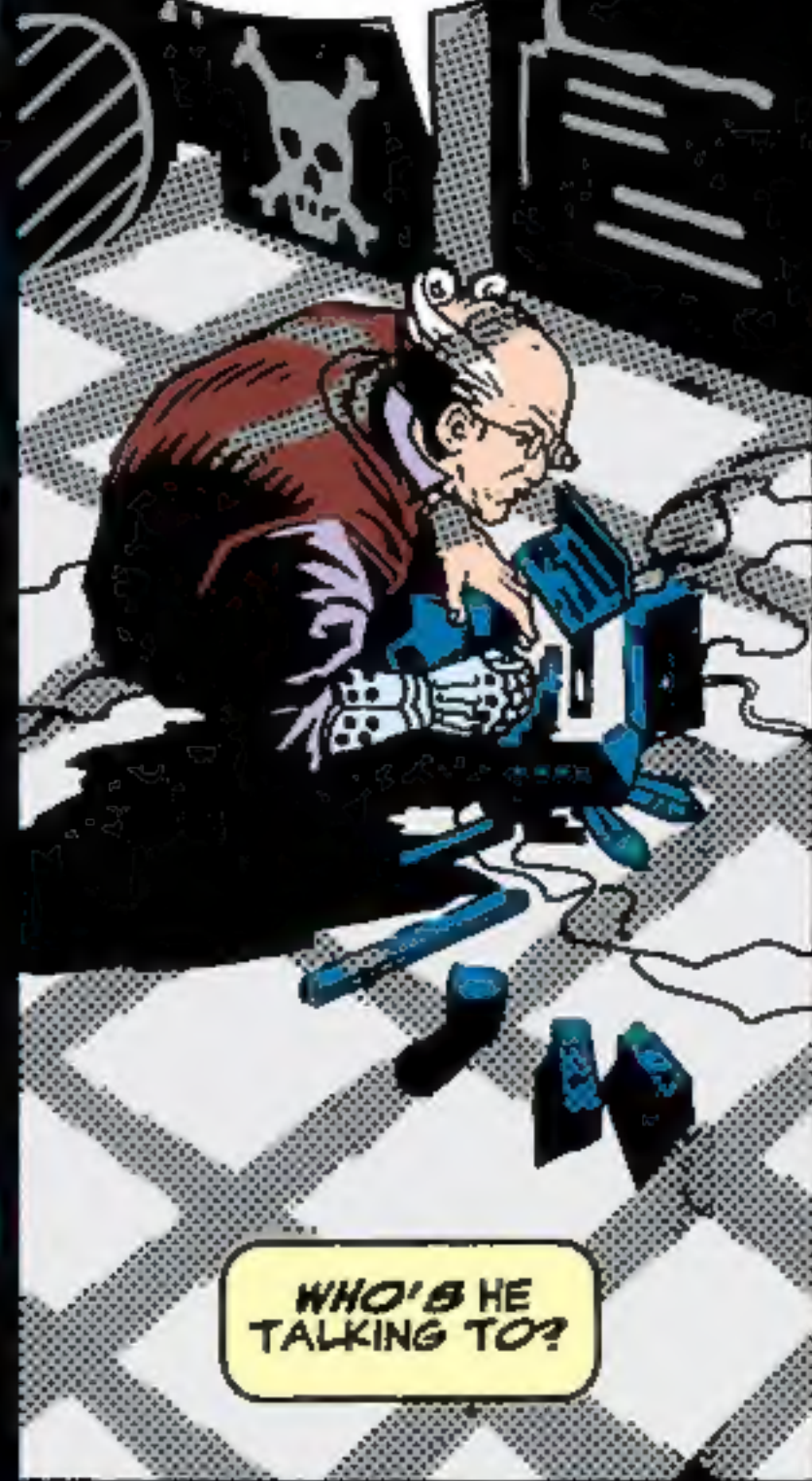
SO AM
I STILL ON
YOUR GOOD
SIDE?

"FAIRWILLOW HALL'S BEEN EMPTY
EVER SINCE LADY FAIRWILLOW
WENT NUTS AND KILLED HERSELF."



"DR. PIP IS
HIDING THERE!"

THIS IS THE
LAST INFERNAL
DEVICE I'LL PLANT.
THEN...BY THEN...MY
PLAN SHOULD HAVE
RIPENED FRUIT.



WHO'S HE
TALKING TO?

GET ME
THROUGH THIS.
WATCH MY BACK
AND I'LL
DOUBLE THE
FEE WE AGREED
ON WHEN I
CONTRACTED
YOU.

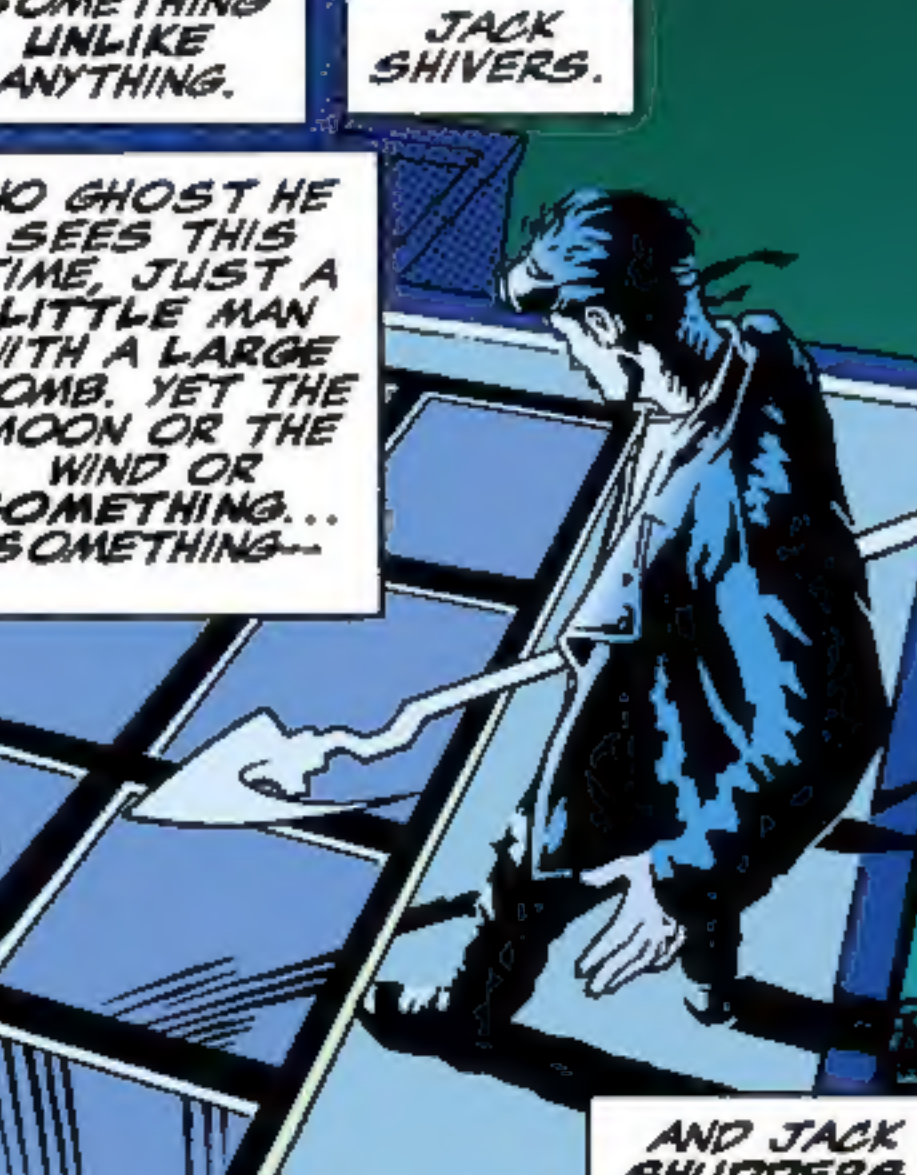
NOW LET'S
GO! I WANT THE
BOMB IN PLACE
BEFORE THE STORES
OPEN TOMORROW.
SATURDAY. THE
BOMB WILL BE ITS
MOST EFFECTIVE
ON A CROWDED
SATURDAY.

JEEZ, THIS GUY'S
NOT JUST CRAZY,
HE'S MALICIOUS,
TOO.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

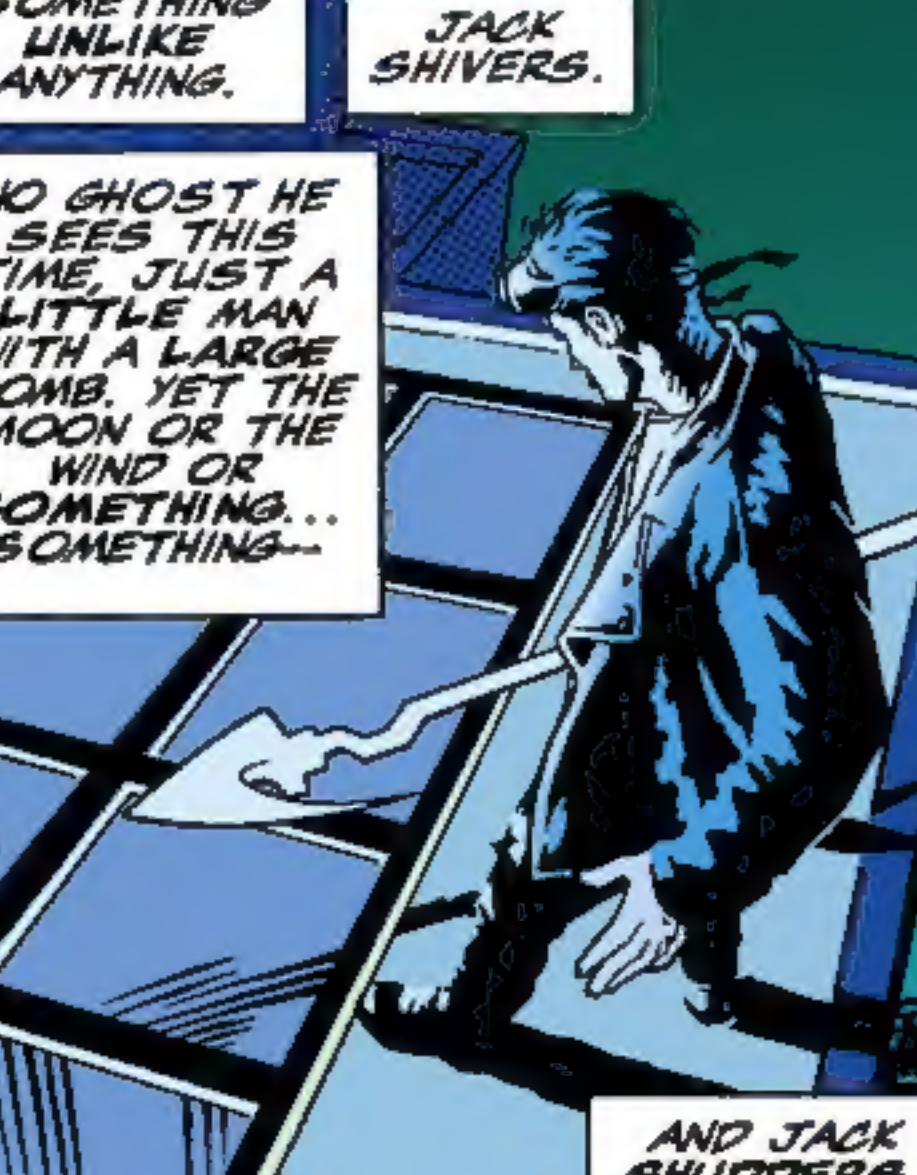
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat over a light-colored shirt, is shown from the waist up. He is leaning over the edge of a rooftop or balcony, looking down and slightly to the left. His expression is one of concern or contemplation. The background is a solid dark blue. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of lines. A small, dark, rectangular object is visible on the ground below him.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

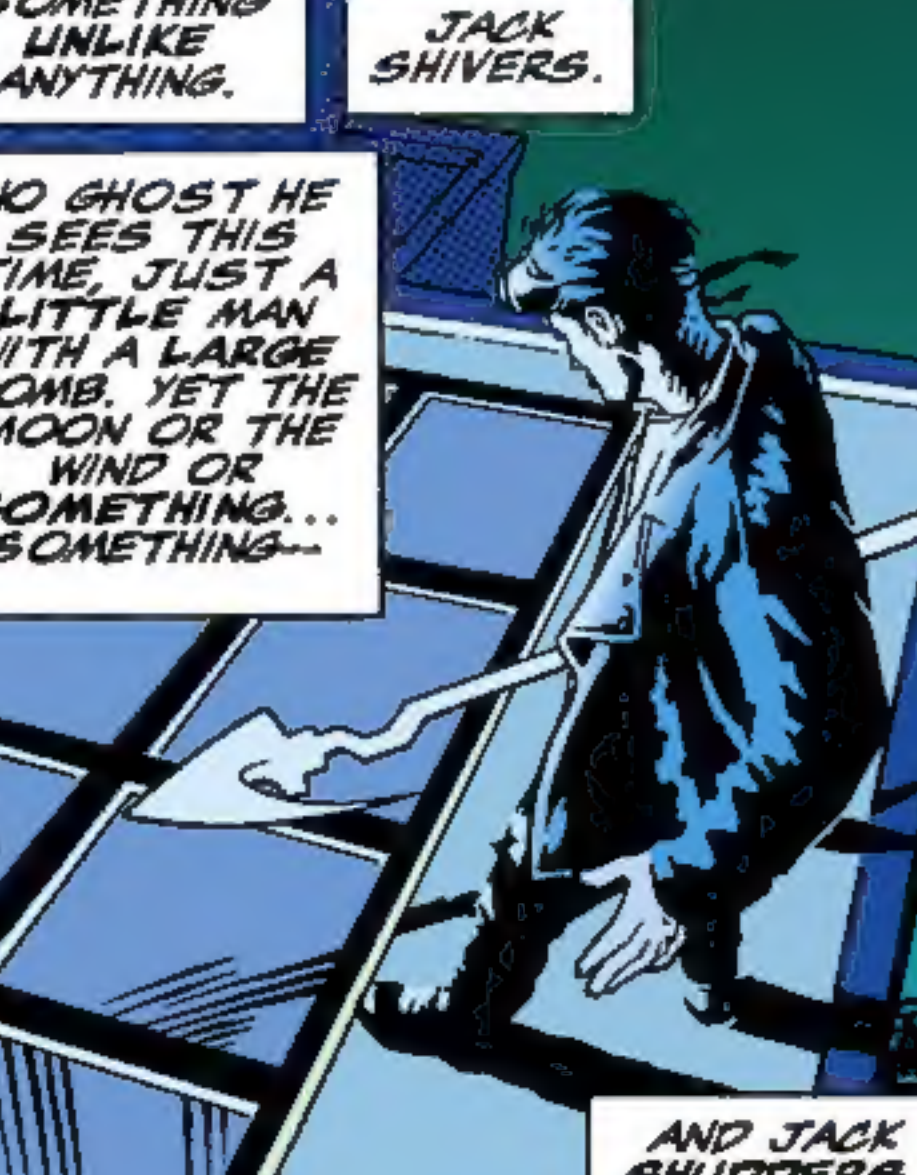
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat over a light-colored shirt, is shown from the waist up. He is leaning over the edge of a rooftop or balcony, looking down and slightly to the left. His expression is one of concern or contemplation. The background is a solid dark blue. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of lines. A small, dark, rectangular object is visible on the ground below him.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

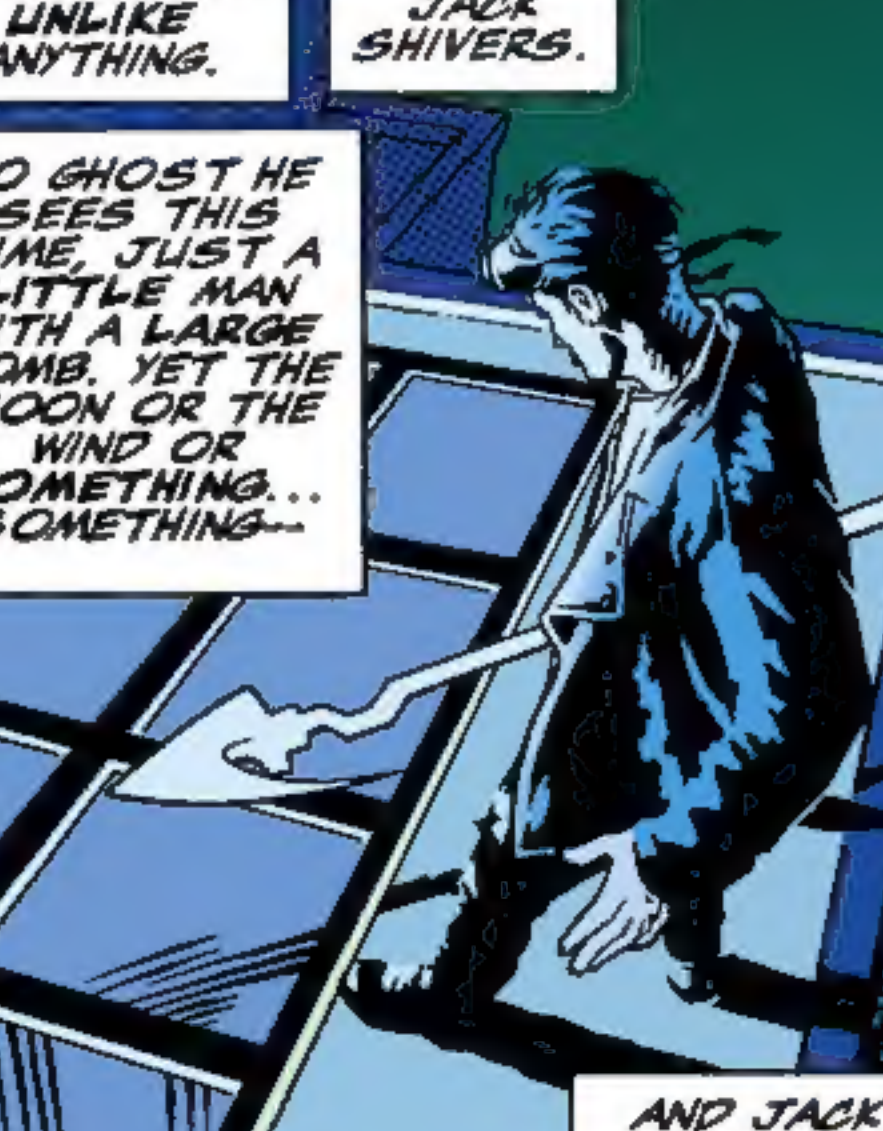
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat over a light-colored shirt, is shown from the waist up. He is leaning over the edge of a rooftop or balcony, looking down and slightly to the left. His expression is one of concern or contemplation. The background is a solid dark blue. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of lines. A small, dark, rectangular object is visible on the ground below him.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

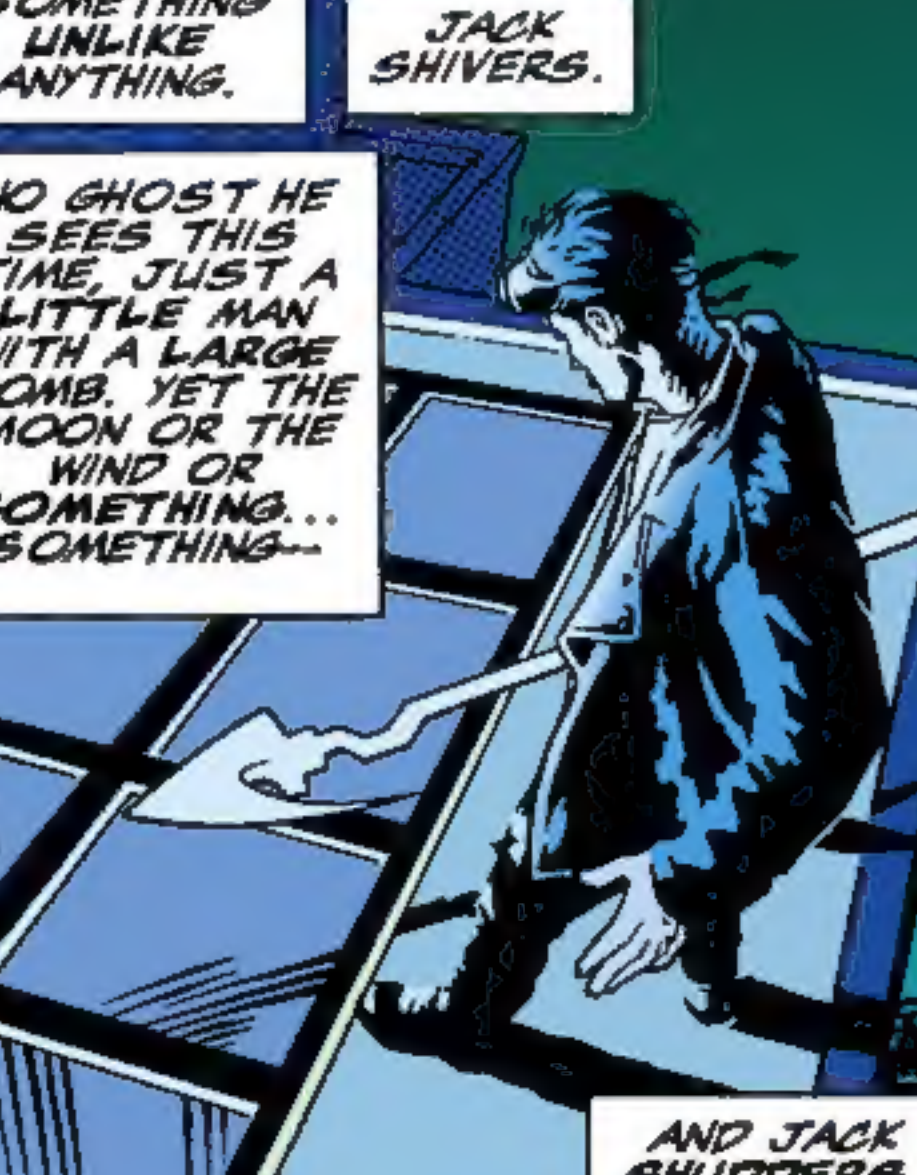


AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

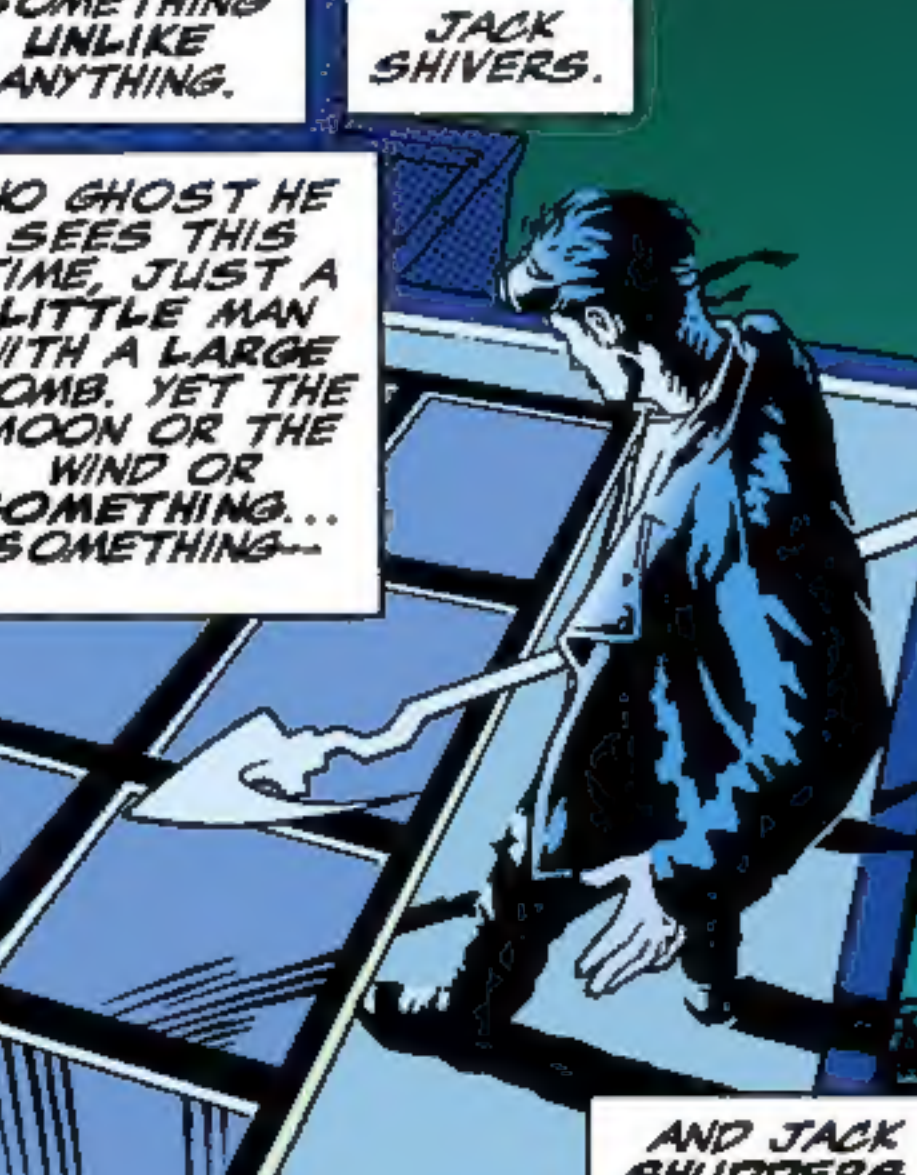
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat, is shown from the waist up, leaning over the edge of a rooftop. He is looking down and slightly to the left. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of skylights or panels. The background is a solid dark blue color.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

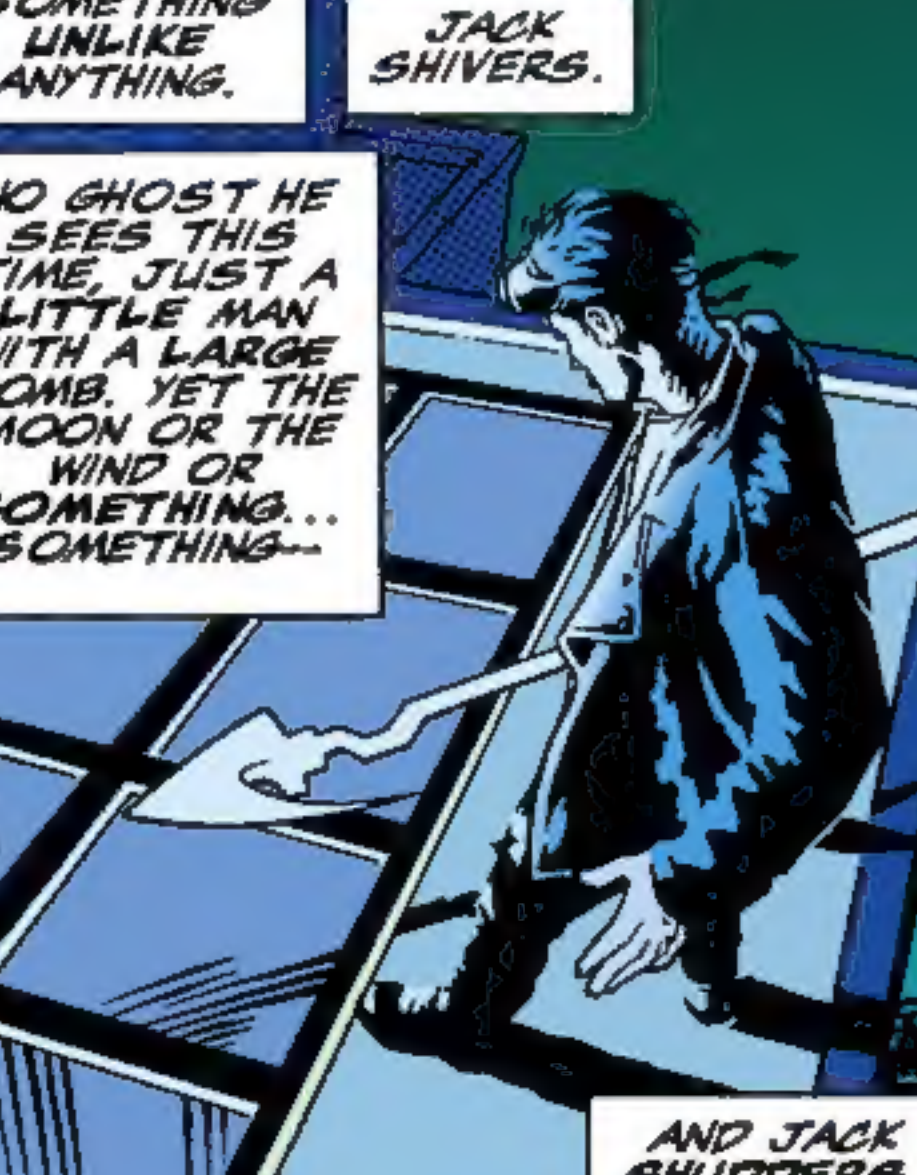
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat, is shown from the waist up, leaning over the edge of a rooftop. He is looking down and slightly to the left. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of skylights or panels. The background is a solid dark blue color.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

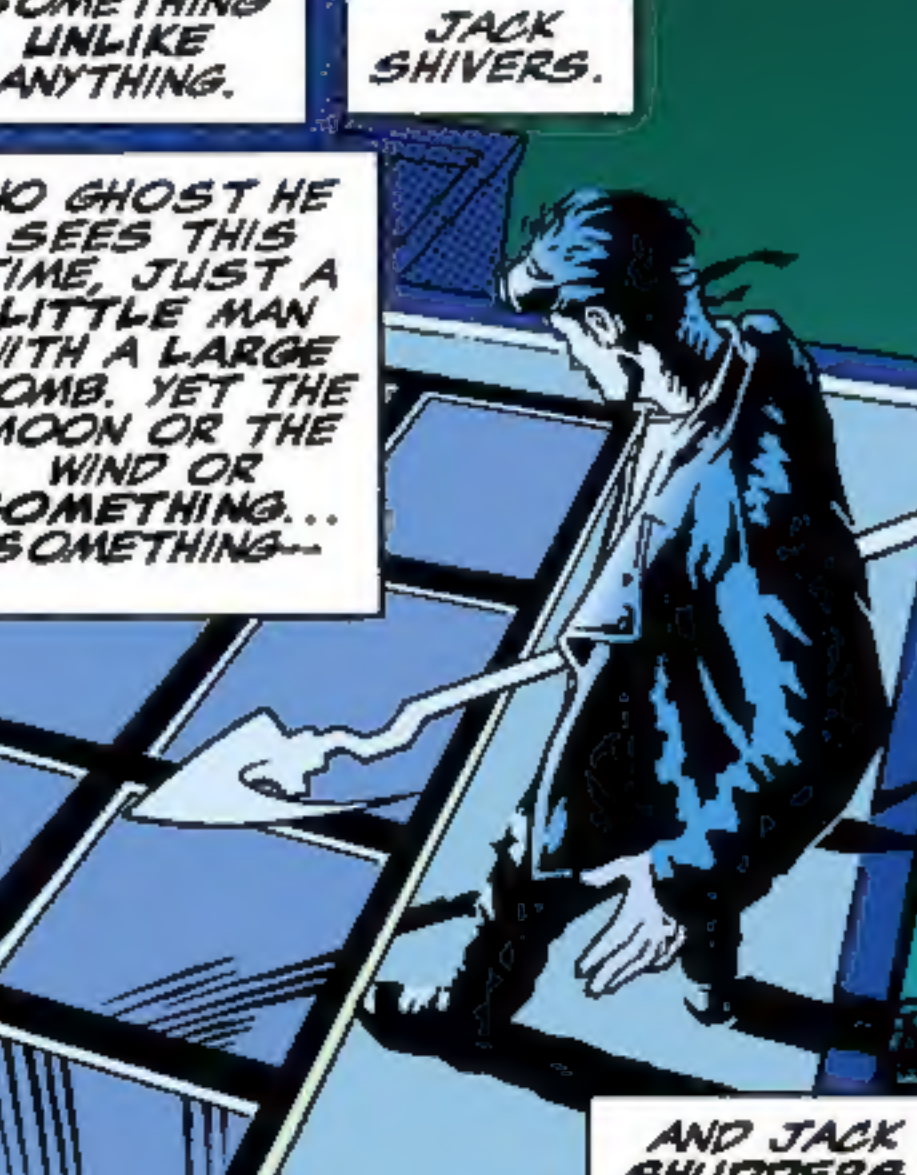
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat, is shown from the waist up, leaning over the edge of a rooftop. He is looking down and slightly to the left. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of skylights or panels. The background is a solid dark blue color.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

THE FAINT
WHISPER OF
SOMETHING
UNLIKE
ANYTHING.

JACK
SHIVERS.

NO GHOST HE
SEES THIS
TIME, JUST A
LITTLE MAN
WITH A LARGE
BOMB. YET THE
MOON OR THE
WIND OR
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING...

A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat, is shown from the waist up, leaning over the edge of a rooftop. He is looking down and slightly to the left. The rooftop has a grid-like pattern of skylights or panels. The background is a solid dark blue color.

AND JACK
SHUDDERS.

**SOMETHING
ISN'T RIGHT.**

**I CAN'T SEE
ANYONE BUT PIP.**

**SOMETHING
ISN'T RIGHT.**

**I CAN'T SEE
ANYONE BUT PIP.**

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.

THE INFERNAL DR. PIP IS TALKING TO SOMEONE. BUT JACK CAN SEE NO SIGN.

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.

THE INFERNAL DR. PIP IS TALKING TO SOMEONE. BUT JACK CAN SEE NO SIGN.



SOMETHING
ISN'T RIGHT!

COPPERHEAD!

HELLO,
SSSTARMAN!

HELLO AND
GOODBYE!

next issue:
**FIGHT, FIGHT AND
MORE FIGHT!**

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP